

SEXT APPEAL—WHEN A WRONG NUMBER FEELS SO RIGHT!

THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL MARVELS

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LETTERS



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HORNY HUNKS

GIRL MEETS GIRL

NATURAL WONDER SNARES
BI-CURIOUS BABE

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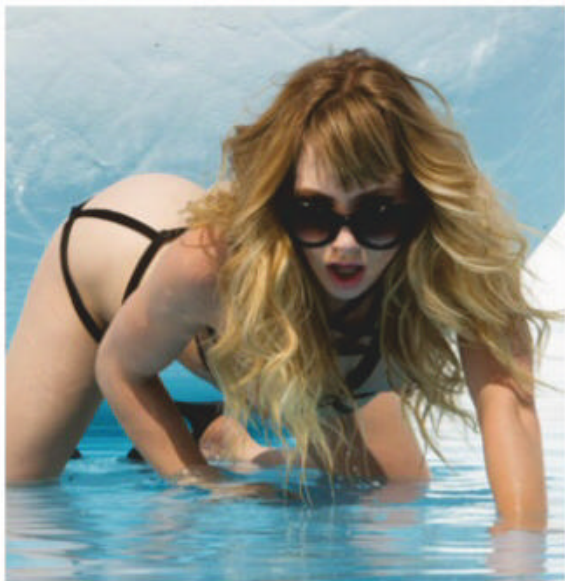
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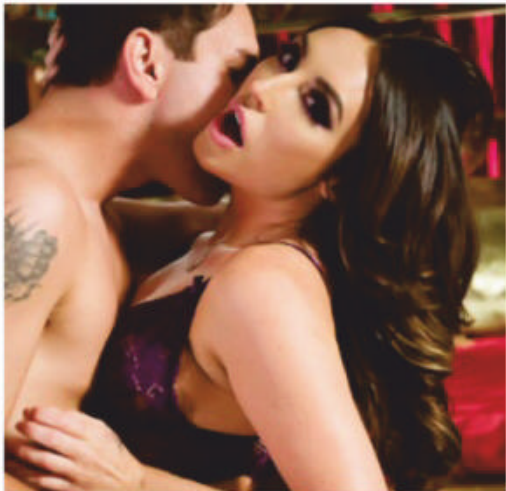
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Follow your passion—you never know where it will take you!

THERE'S something to be said for throwing caution to the wind and going after your—ahem—heart's desire. The stories in this edition of *Penthouse Letters* are proof positive that taking the leap can yield some rather satisfying results!

In *Kinky Cougars*, a pair of sex-hungry women tired of waiting for their perfect mates hit the town—and wind up tag-teaming some hot young hunks. And *Booty Time's* backdoor lovers confess their cravings and get what they want in the end!

But sometimes fate has a funny way of changing the course of events. In "Sext Appeal," Stefanie Simmons' wrong number means her handsome boss gets her revealing selfie, and the honest mistake leads to an eye-opening afternoon meeting. And in "Natural Wonder," Jolene Rodgers leaves her stressful life behind and finds herself surrendering to her wild side in the arms of an intriguing mystery woman.

Have you ever put it all on the line and come out a winner? Email your exciting story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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Kinky Cougars

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Prowling Pair

Carly, my best and oldest friend, was staring at the gym's mirrored wall, fixated on two women of a certain age who looked smoking hot, even while breaking a serious sweat.

The women were me and her, of course. And our age? Well, that seemed to be on Carly's mind a lot lately. Mine, too, I have to confess.

"What the hell's wrong with us?" she asked.

It was hard to see fault in our reflections as we both worked our different toning machines. The two of us were in damned good shape, our bodies tight and firm. Carly had an ass you could bounce a quarter off of, and I was

more fit than I'd been in college.

"There's nothing wrong with us, Carly," I assured her.

"Then why does every guy I flirt with give me a blank stare? Or say 'Excuse me ma'am?' I hate being ma'am-ed!"

I sighed and said, "Maybe it's because you hit on men who are two decades younger than you."

She shot me a look only a longtime best friend can give: reproachful, knowing and wicked. There was a gleam in her eye.

"I like 'em young," she reasoned. "My tastes in men haven't changed from when I was 20."

I continued to work out, still thoughtfully considering our reflections. We were two gorgeous women, who

also happened to be steeped in erotic knowledge that many younger women knew little about. Guys of any age would be lucky to have us.

I was about to say all this to Carly, when she turned to me with a wolf-like grin.

"Listen, Rachel. We're both single, both smoking hot. Let's go out and seriously prowl. We don't quit until we bag ourselves a pair of 20-nothing studs who'll bone us all night long. What do you say?"

Before I could laugh it off, the idea took hold of me. My mind flashed on my recent spate of dates, all guys who were around my age. Nothing especially wrong with any of them, but they'd all lacked something—a certain fire.

Wouldn't it be nice, I thought, to go to bed with a man who was full of lustful energy, who still found sex fresh and astounding. Surely only a young buck could give me that.

"I'm in," I said.

On the appointed evening, we both wore short black dresses. Carly looked dynamite in hers, the tight garment showing off her gorgeous body, and I liked how I appeared in my similar getup. We both had serious cleavage going on.

"Damn, you got nice tits!" Carly said saucily.

"And your butt should have a frame around it—it's a masterpiece!" I replied.

We laughed like fools, but our endeavor was dead serious.

I'd built up the evening's potential in my mind. I envisioned my dream stud: tall, toned and handsome with a face so fresh it glowed with youthful spirit.

And he'd also have a big, hard cock.

Carly and I went off into the night. Our expectations were high, our spirits bright. We went to a dance club I hadn't been to in some while.

As the music pounded and bodies gyrated, lights whirled around us in a rainbow of colors. We grabbed a couple of overpriced drinks at the bar and scoped out the scene.

There was plenty of young meat on display. But every guy was either already hooked up or traveling with a boisterous pack. We needed a couple of strays.

We tried striking up individual conversations, but all we got were those blank stares Carly detested. I started to feel demoralized. Even when I put my serious flirt on, the 20-year-old dudes I'd approached didn't take the bait. They didn't even seem to realize I was flirting with them.

I went to the bathroom to check my makeup, thinking Carly and I should probably call it quits. But when I emerged, a man was standing there. He was young, tall and handsome, and he looked like he had a fine body.

He started to talk to me, but then ducked his head, looking defeated. Almost bashful.

"Did you want to say something?" I asked.

He looked up shyly and said, "Yeah. You and your friend are the hottest chicks in here. But every time I hit on a

woman your age, I get shot down."

I gave him a smoldering smile as wicked thoughts flooded my head.

"You have a friend with you tonight?"

"Yes," he said, suddenly hopeful.

"Gary's with me. Let me get him! I'm Tim."

I fetched Carly, and Tim grabbed Gary, who was also young and studly. We left the club and headed to the guys' place. They looked like they couldn't believe their luck.

In their apartment, there were no walls or partitions. The space was a giant open loft. I let Tim lead me to one bed, while Gary escorted Carly to the other.

"In a final lunge, I deep-throated him and let my tongue dance on his hefty shaft."

I pulled Tim into my arms and laid my mouth on his. I kissed him hard and deep, pressing my tits against his fine body. His cock immediately swelled in his jeans.

At the other bed, Carly was already undressing Gary. So I did the same to my man, peeling off Tim's clothes and marveling at his young physique. His cock was like a bar of steel.

With a quick snap and a shimmy, I was out of my dress. Tim and I tumbled onto the bed, his mouth gaping as he looked me up and down. I pushed him onto his back and resumed kissing him. His tongue was bold as it energetically tangled with mine.

Then I shifted downward, kissing a trail down his pecs and washboard abs.

When he realized where I was headed, he moaned.

Wait 'til I'm sucking you! I said in my head.

Eagerly, I swooped down onto his cock, swallowing him in an instant and working him aggressively with my lips and tongue.

Tim cried out, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

His reaction was gratifying. In a final lunge, I deep-throated him and let my tongue dance on his hefty shaft.

I cradled his balls while I sucked his dick. Lost in ecstasy, he helplessly writhed on the bed, his fingers clawing at the mattress. I was tempted to make him shoot in my mouth, but my dripping pussy wanted attention.

I climbed onto him, taking his spit-wet length up into me with a gasp. His cock was every bit as perfect as I'd hoped. I planted my palms on his chest and began to ride him with slow undulations of my hips. I savored the sweet reaming of my pussy. My clit was singing a high lovely song, and warming pleasure radiated through me.

Tim's face was etched with ecstasy, and the sight gave me a perverse thrill. I rode him a bit faster, and he thrust up into me, spearing me to the core.

I broke into a gallop atop him as my cresting climax reached its peak. While my orgasm overtook me, Tim let out a savage howl and spurted cream into me.

Only after my pleasure began to wane did I look over at the other bed. Carly and Gary must have just finished up. She appeared to be the proverbial cat who'd eaten the canary, while he wore a look of profound wonder, like he'd just had the best lay of his young life.

That might have been the case.

Carly and I traded grins, and our guys each gave one another enthusiastic thumbs-up. Then, to my surprise, they hopped off their respective beds and went padding past one another.

Gary climbed onto the mattress where I lay. His cock was already getting hard again—what a perfect boy!

Gary gazed rapturously at my body before I pulled him down for a hungry kiss. He groped my tits and plucked my nipples while I squeezed his muscular ass.

Across the way, Tim and Carly were full of passion and zest as they got



down to business. They looked beautiful together.

I took Gary's cock in my hand, and he groaned as I pumped him.

"You do that so good!" he groaned.

While it was fun to tease him, I needed more.

I shifted our positions and lifted my knees toward my chest before saying, "Don't make me wait, stud."

Gary eagerly moved into place. He set his swollen cockhead against my slick slit and sank himself inside me.

His cock was just as big as his pal's. He buried himself in my pussy over and over as breathless words spilled past his lips: "So good, so good."

With my legs pulled up, I felt every inch as he penetrated me deeply. Each

stroke lit me up with a new wave of pleasure.

Gary expertly used every bit of his formidable cock to please me. He pulled out until only the tip of his dick was still in me before driving himself balls-deep into my pussy. He wasn't rushing, and I encouraged him with little coos and sighs.

Before long, he built up speed, snapping his hips rhythmically. I rocked beneath him and felt his balls spanking me.

"Fuck me, baby!" I said. "Fuck me hard!"

His eyes popped wide with shock, and for a second he almost lost his rhythm. I guessed no woman had ever talked dirty to him. So I really laid it

on: "Fuck my cunt! Pound my fucking pussy!"

He did as he was told. I could see he was headed fast for the point of no return, and he hammered into me wildly. My own wicked climax was gathering—a perfect complement to the sweet orgasm I'd had with Tim.

At the last second, I cried out, "Shoot on my tits!"

With a wordless cry, Gary pulled out and sprayed his come all over my heaving breasts as pleasure ricocheted through me.

I was sure it was a night our young studs would never forget—and neither would I.

—R.B., Los Angeles, Calif.

Life in the Fast Laine



Far too often, I'm one of those guys who's halfway to the door once the clock hits 4:59—I'll admit it. And nothing annoys me more than forced socializing in the form of a company party or whatnot after regular business hours. It's not that I don't enjoy my coworkers or mind the occasional happy hour. But on the whole, I have no desire to sit around in my free time with the same people I am already subjected to from nine to five, five days a week.

However, my stance on after-hours "forced fun" was drastically altered about a month ago when I found myself alone with Laine.

I'm in my mid-30s and recently divorced, and I've spent the better part of the past year trying to scratch the many and varied sexual itches that my failed marriage never allowed me to reach. In brief: I had a threesome with two women, saw a professional dominatrix and had plenty of hookups. None of these happenings, though, can compare with what went down with Laine.

Picture a 50-year-old with timeless beauty—and not because of Botox or surgery. I'm talking about a woman with classic good looks and a natural appeal that never really goes out of style. A woman with an elegantly slender body, reminiscent of a ballerina, with long, shapely legs. Add perfectly perky B-cup tits, striking blue eyes and a brunette bob that accentuates high cheekbones. Then wrap that gorgeous package in a fitted sheath dress with heels, and that's Laine.

I've always had a thing for older women like her. But I'd never had the opportunity to act on my secret passion. And, of course, I didn't want to risk causing a problem at work. Still, Laine and I flirted constantly, but it was mutual, low-key and playful. I merely looked and never touched. The good news is: One night, Laine decided enough was enough.

A small group of us attended a business dinner, and then afterward some of the gang decided to blow off some steam at a nearby nightclub. I almost bailed, but Laine tapped me on the shoulder and asked, "Are you in, Chris?"

She shot me a mischievous smile, and my cock stirred in my pants.

"Well, if you are, then I'll tag along." I replied, trying—and failing—to play it cool.

"All right, then," Laine said almost to herself, looking pleased. Then she glanced around and addressed the group: "Let's go!"

But as her encouraging hand gesture ushered our boisterous coworkers onward, Laine slyly hung back and flashed me another incriminating grin.



"What are you playing at?" I whispered. "I'm ensuring we get separated from the group."

"Oh? That's not what I'd call a team-building exercise," I teased.

"Sure it is. I'm just picky about my team. Let those Gen Z kids go Instagram each other." Laine smiled. "Besides, I know the owner. I can get us VIP treatment. How does a booth away from the crowds and a bottle of wine sound?"

"Great," I told her. "I feel like I'm a client now, and you're wooing me."

"I don't mix business with pleasure, Chris." Laine paused before adding, "But I'm done with business for the night, so what's that tell you?"

"Oh, uh," I stammered, then managed to say, "plenty, I guess."

She laughed softly but playfully, then leaned in to seductively whisper in my ear: "You don't know the half of it yet."

"I can't wait to find out," I said.

"Private? Or not?" she whispered in my ear, sending chills up and down my spine.

I turned and whispered back: "Privacy sounds perfect."

Laine leaned in and our lips met, making my cock completely stiff.

One sumptuous kiss led to another, and then Laine reached up and closed the drapes. The act sealed off our little show from the VIP area, but nothing obstructed the view of anyone looking up from below. Sure, the inside of the club was fairly dark and people would really have to crane their necks and struggle for a glimpse of us. But the reality of being with a ravenous woman like Laine left me not caring who could see us. In fact, I felt even more aroused than I had been before.

"I wanna suck your dick," Laine said, teasing my earlobe with her tongue.

"You want to feel this on your dick?"

"Oh God, yes," I groaned. Anticipation

Laine's pillowy lips kissed the head of my dick before her tongue dragged around my shaft in a slow circle. And then, she took me to an even higher heaven: She swallowed my shaft all the way down to my balls.

With one hand, I gripped the armrest so tightly my knuckles went white. With the other, I caressed her face, keeping her hair back so I could memorize the image of her bobbing up and down on my dick.

Though Laine's mouth was well occupied, her hands were far from idle. She knew exactly where and how to touch me as her fingers explored the sensitive spot behind my balls, and she periodically stroked my spit-covered shaft when she would pull back to catch her breath.

"Oh God," I moaned. "Laine, I'm going to come all over your face."

She pulled away from me to say, "Oh no you don't, mister. I've got plans for you."

My heart raced as she reached for my hand. I helped her up to the banquette again, and that's when she lifted the front of her dress and flashed her naked pussy at me. A trimmed dark triangle of hair sat above her cunt lips.

While maintaining eye contact, Laine took hold of my hand again, but this time guided it to her slippery slit.

"I want you to fuck me now, Chris," she said directly. "Right now."

I teased her clit and probed her wet entrance with my fingers as I told her, "I want that, too."

Laine licked her lips and climbed into my lap. Without further ado, she impaled herself on my rock-hard dick. I couldn't believe how tight she felt, how exquisitely toned her pussy muscles were as she rode me like it was our last night on Earth.

As she writhed atop me, I squeezed her ass and held on tight. Our mouths melded together, muffling the sounds of our moans as we kissed.

Somewhere in the heat of the moment, we knocked over a wineglass, which shattered as it hit the floor. But neither of us noticed or cared.

Laine nuzzled my neck and teased my earlobe again as she bucked her hips.

"Let me spin around so you can rub my clit while I ride you," she said.

"Our mouths melded together, muffling the sound of our moans as we kissed."

We walked to the nearby nightclub, lagging far behind our coworkers.

Laine gave my necktie a coy tug and led me straight to the doorman. Less than a minute later, we were past the velvet rope and heading up the stairs to our own private booth. The cozy nook overlooked the crowded dance floor below. The VIP area was more subdued and had its own bar in the middle surrounded by semi-secluded lounging areas. Somehow the music didn't seem so loud up there, making it easier to have a conversation.

"Wow, you really do know people here." I looked around in admiration. "This is great."

"I like it because you can watch everyone, but they don't necessarily see you." Laine leaned over. "We could close the curtains, if you'd like even more privacy."

I laughed nervously, then I felt her hand land gently on my thigh.

rushed through me as I fumbled with my belt buckle. She put her cool hands on top of mine.

"Relax, I'll take care of everything."

Smiling Laine then dipped below the table. In one effortless motion, she knelt on the carpet, unzipped my pants and took my pulsing member in her mouth.

"Mmm," Laine purred. She opened her mouth and let a strand of pre-come and spit dangle from her tongue. "I knew you'd have a nice hard cock."

I groaned and ran my hands through her hair.

Laine cupped my balls and confessed, "I've been wanting to nail you since the first day you were hired."

I smirked. "Why not just ask me out for a drink?"

"Why didn't you ask me?" Laine countered before teasing the underside of my dick with her tongue.

I had neither a proper excuse, nor the ability to articulate much at that point.



She effortlessly moved into position as I mumbled, “Anything you want, baby.”

With Laine in my lap, we were blatantly exposing our lust to the crowd below, and it was exhilarating.

I’d never done anything so wild or exhibitionistic in my life. With any other woman, I’d have insisted on getting a cab to go home and fuck. But Laine was a force of nature that leveled every single inhibition in her path.

My hands roamed over her beautiful body and quickly found their way back to her pussy. I reached around to stroke her as instructed. She was riding me so fast and hard, I wasn’t sure how long I could last. So I was pleased when Laine

beat me to the finish line.

Her shout of ecstasy blended with the music pumping out of the club’s speakers. I couldn’t see her face contorting in bliss, but I felt her pussy muscles spasming around my shaft. Her pleasure appeared to increase her enthusiasm. She slammed her ass down onto me harder and harder, propelling me toward my own climax. Without a care in the world about where I was, I released my load inside Laine.

She leaned back against me, panting and squeezing my twitching dick with her pussy.

“You want to get out of here?”

“I think we’d better.” I laughed.

We hurriedly left the club, ignoring texts from coworkers who were wondering where we’d gone. They must have never looked up from the dance floor!

Laine ended up staying at my place basically all weekend. But it was back to business as usual on Monday morning.

I asked her out on a proper date, but she never took me up on the offer. I guess she got what she wanted from me.

Still, I have no regrets. Thanks to Laine, my cougar fantasy was more than fulfilled.

–C.F., Hartford, Conn.



A Sweet Piece



Henry walked into my candy shop as I was struggling with a small display case that wouldn't sit right. In fact, the whole thing started to topple all at once. I sidestepped to try to catch it but missed. But Henry snatched it up in one hand before it crashed to the floor.

I had to use two hands to take it from him.

"The cord is too short," he said. "It's pulling it off balance."

I gave him a once over. Not intending to be dirty, mind you. He was probably 21 to my 45, six-foot-something to my five-foot-something and quite a breathtaking specimen of maleness.

"Can I help you?" I practically stammered.

"I came in to get my mother's chocolate order. She called in for a bunch of boxes for her employees," he explained.

"Just finished packing that up. Your mom must be a great boss. A pound each!"

He grinned. It was charming, and something in my lower belly stirred. I had the urge to run my hands over his muscular body.

In a blink, I was wet and horny.

"She only has six employees. But she treats them like gold because to her they are."

"That's so nice," I said. I put the problematic case down on a level surface and carefully stepped over the stuff strewn across the floor. I'd been in the middle of swapping out some seasonal decorations when he'd interrupted me. Not that I minded one bit. He was the perfect distraction.

As I attempted to navigate my mess, I took a wrong step and nearly tumbled over.

He caught me in his strong arms and held me tight as he said, "Careful now."

My heart was pounding—a hypnotic beat that also extended south to my pussy.

He let me go slowly, like he didn't want to. I caught his gaze as it strayed to my cleavage. I had worn my favorite black sweater that day, and its plunging neckline accentuated my tits.

"Follow me," I said.

"Gladly." His voice came out as a rumble, and I knew I hadn't imagined his flirtatious tone.

I was well beyond flustered as I headed toward the back of the store. I'll be honest, I put a lot of swing in my hips as I walked, wanting him to focus his attention on my ass.

At the back counter, I neatly stacked six boxes of gift-wrapped chocolates inside a shopping bag.

"Here we go," I said, turning to face him. He was standing close to me, and I felt the heat radiating off his virile, young body. I nearly swooned.



"Thank you," he said, not bothering to move a step.

"Is there, um"—I cleared my throat and laughed at myself—"is there anything else I can do to you?"

He blinked, a small smile curling across his lips.

My face burned hot as I realized what I'd said. But the humor of the situation was too great to ignore. I laughed outright and said, "Oops, Freudian slip."

I didn't move, and neither did he. My nipples had stiffened, and my pussy was so wet my panties felt soaked.

"You want to do things to me?" he asked with a raised eyebrow. The look was half cocky, half surprised—and 100 percent a turn-on.

"I do. I think I'd have to be crazy not to," I said, making a show of studying him. I reached out, touched his arm and

"My orgasmic spasms wracked me, my body shivering with the force of my climax."

gave it a squeeze. "It's very easy to want to do things to you."

He stepped even closer, erasing all but an inch of the gap between us, and asked, "Like what?"

Before I could answer, he laid the softest of kisses on my lips. It was more like a slight brush of flesh on flesh. But the sensation of it rumbled through me like deep thunder. I felt it in my bones.

I grabbed his shoulders, stood on my tiptoes and kissed him for real.

He parted his lips, and my tongue slid along his. His hands settled on my hips and he squeezed, making me shiver.

I slid my hand across his zipper, felt the hardness of his erection and

imagined him bending me over and ramming his cock into me.

"What do you want?" he asked. He kissed a hot trail from my mouth down my throat. His teeth raked the sensitive skin where my neck met my shoulder.

My nipples were so hard they ached.

"All of it," I said. "Whatever. Anything." I was babbling.

He slid a hand down into my jeans and pushed past my panties. His finger dragged along my clit, and I jumped, making him chuckle. He plunged his finger into me with ease.

"You're very, very wet," he informed me.

"Trust me," I said. "I know."

He pushed a second finger inside me. The sensation was exquisite, and I wanted more of it.

He must've read my mind.

He popped the button on my jeans, opened my zipper and tugged down my pants and panties. I was breathless with anticipation.

The front door was unlocked. But we were well past the holiday rush, and the store had been dead all day. I desperately hoped it'd stay that way.

But all of my worries disappeared in an instant because he turned me away from him, planted my hands on the countertop and pushed my thighs apart.

"Is it OK if I take you this way?" he asked, kissing the back of my neck.

The kiss on the neck. The word "take." All of it came together to have me half-crazed with lust.

I nodded dumbly, not saying anything at all. Instead, I pushed my ass back to show him without words: Yes, you beautiful boy. It's OK.

I heard the soft whisper of his zipper and the jingle of his belt buckle. Then felt the sweep of his fingers against my ass as he touched me softly. I nearly whimpered.

He grabbed my hips roughly then, making me gasp. He tugged me back a bit and then the head of his cock slid along my wet opening. He teased me briefly, making me desperate. I pushed back to urge him inside me.

My lover put one hand on the back of my neck to hold me still and rested the other on the small of my back. I was uttering helpless little noises as I wriggled eagerly and impatiently.

He pushed into me slowly, but I slammed back to take him. My fingers searched for purchase and slid along the scraps of wrapping paper that littered the countertop.

I squirmed and bucked until he wrapped his arm around me to hold me steady. Once I was properly pinned, he drove into me repeatedly. Each energetic thrust lifted me up on my tiptoes.

I repositioned myself slightly, and that new angle allowed him to hit all the right places inside me.

"Yes," I sighed. "Fuck yes. Just like that. Don't stop."

The arm around me tightened, and he whispered in my ear. "Don't worry, I won't."

The tickle of his breath against my ear pushed me over the edge. I came fast and hard, my body spasming around his driving cock.

"Oh, I like the feel of that," he said, increasing his tempo.

I thought he was seconds away from finishing, but I was wrong. Instead, he plunged into me a few more times and then broke free.

"Turn around," he said.

I did as asked, turning to face him. My jeans and panties were around my ankles and I managed to kick them off, even though my legs felt weak.

From the back of the store, I could see a sliver of the front window and noticed dusk was approaching swiftly. And I could also see the movements of passersby. My pussy clenched at the idea of one of them coming in the store and catching me in this position.

It was oddly thrilling.

My doting admirer dropped down and pushed his warm hands against my thighs, pinning me open. His tongue darted out and dragged along my slit, seeking out my clit. He nudged it with his tongue, and the feeling was overwhelming. My head fell back as rapture ricocheted through me.

He varied his attack, going from featherlight teasing to slow, deliberate licks. Then he sucked on my nub gently and I came, grinding my body downward to keep contact with his perfect mouth. The moment was utter bliss. My orgasmic spasms wracked me, my whole body shivering with the force of my climax. I never wanted it to end.



He grabbed one of my thighs and raised my leg slightly, holding me steady. Then he plunged his dick into me once more. Now we were fucking face-to-face. He buried his free hand in my hair and kissed me roughly. He tugged my messy locks as he continued to pound me, and his animalistic nature excited me.

I squeezed my cunt around his plunging cock and heard him groan. The helpless sound made me smile. Then he nipped me with his teeth, and the sudden flare of pain caught me off guard and made my pussy gush just a little bit more.

My reaction made him laugh.

I squeezed him again, earning another groan. But before he could retaliate, I did it again, and nearly wrecked him.

"You win," he said with a moan.

He slammed into me faster and faster. My ass pounded against the edge of the counter in a staccato beat.

I squeezed once more, and he groaned long and loud. The hot wet rush of his release exploded inside me, and I felt supremely pleased with myself.

The sounds of the real world came flooding back to me, and I realized sleet was hitting the front window. Looking outside, I saw dusk was fully upon us.

He finally told me his name: Adam. Then added, "This is the best errand my mother's ever asked me to run."

"I'm glad you came," I said, then laughed at my own dirty joke.

We put ourselves together, and I handed over the order.

"I put some samples in there," I told him. "Maybe they'll entice you to come back."

He kissed me hard and said, "I've already gotten a taste of what you're offering. Trust me, I'll be back."

I certainly hoped so.

-N.C., via email

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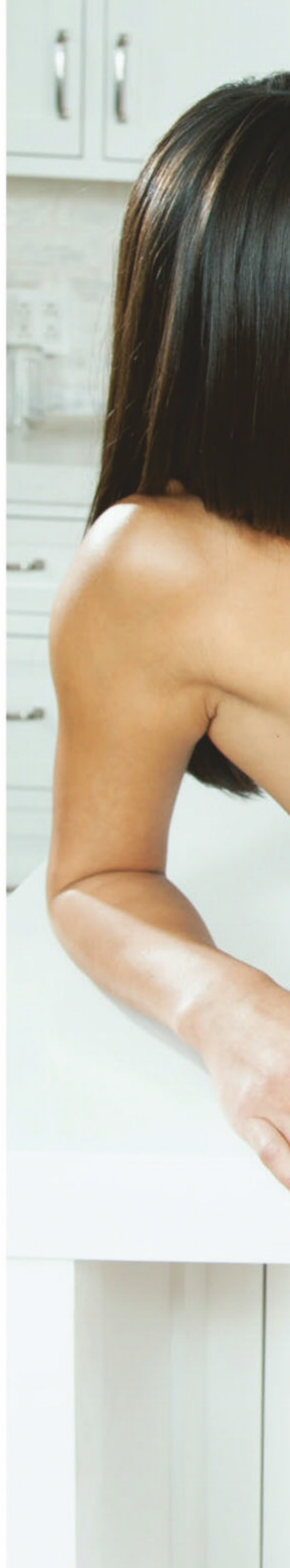












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Booty Time

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Turning the Other Cheek

The time had come: I was ready for my new boyfriend to give it to me in the ass.

I have always considered anal sex something above any ordinary carnal act. It requires care. It's an intimacy that really can't be matched. I have to seriously trust the guy I'm letting into my backdoor. So I save the anal experience for men I feel most comfortable with.

Noah had definitely earned his right of passage. We'd been hooking up for several weeks. He was a smart, sweet, decent guy. He was also ridiculously

gorgeous—like a swimmer crossed with an underwear model—and he had a big cock.

But not so big that I couldn't accommodate him in my rear.

Problem was, I'd given him every opportunity to fuck me in the ass. But he wouldn't take me up on the unspoken offer.

I told my troubles to my best pal.

"Well," Tiffany said, over wine at her place, "maybe you'd better make it a spoken offer."

I sighed and admitted, "I just prefer the subtle dance. There's something terribly romantic and magical about it."

"But not if he doesn't get the hint."

"I can't see how he's missing it." I set down my wineglass as I explained. "Last night, I'm on my hands and knees, facing away from him. I reached around myself, dipped a finger in my dripping pussy, and then rubbed it in a circle around my asshole. All the while I'm grinning at him back over my shoulder."

Tiff raised her eyebrows and responded: "And he didn't take the hint?"

"Nope. He shoved his cock in my pussy and did me doggy-style, which was awesome. But not the exact awesome I was really hoping for."

We talked awhile more, but Tiff didn't have any other suggestions for me.

But the next night, when Noah and I were getting ready to go out, I considered that he might be averse to anal sex. Maybe he thought it was dirty or sinful? Who knows? People can develop strange hang-ups when it comes to the many mysteries of sex.

We went out to dinner, but it was just the prelude to him coming back to my place. All throughout the meal there was a crackling anticipation between us.

When we got to my apartment, it was plain the evening was heading straight for the bedroom. He took me in his arms, and we locked lips. Noah was a hell of a kisser. He was also fantastic in bed, with all the stamina and imagination a girl could want.

There was just that one gaping blind spot. Anal. Maybe Tiff had it right. I should just come out and say it.

"Noah." I held his hands and looked up into his eyes. "I'd like something different tonight."

"Like, uh, what?"

"I mean," I began but shut up. I was hesitant; I feared I might touch a nerve.

Mustering up my courage, I announced, "I want you to fuck my ass."

He visibly flinched, and I felt a flutter of panic. I definitely didn't want to spook this man. Oh hell! Why couldn't I have kept my anal urges under wraps? Was it really such a big deal?

But it was. At least to me.

He swallowed anxiously and sputtered, "I—I don't know if I can."

"Why not?" I asked, keeping my voice gentle.

He hesitated, then admitted: "I had a bad experience with it once. I wanted to do it with this girl I was seeing. When I asked, she made this sick face. I told her to forget about it, but then she insisted we do it."

"And you did?"

"Yes. Sort of. She bitched the whole time, muttering how gross and uncomfortable it was. Finally I just pulled out and split. Later, we broke up. I figured she'd been looking for an excuse to end it, and that was it." He shook his head. "I guess I have a bad association with anal sex."

I felt a flood of sympathy—and not a little anger toward the bitch who'd

screwed with his head.

But an innovative solution occurred to me. I led him to my bedroom and told him to strip. I undressed as well, with excitement of a decidedly naughty variety tingling through me.

I gazed with fresh appreciation at his sculpted body. His cock was rising as he looked at me.

"So," I said, "some part of you really thinks anal sex is nasty, maybe even painful. Right?"

He nodded.

"I'll show you it's not. That it's wonderful. Will you trust me with this?"

Again, the nod. His cock was fully hard.

**"He was
giving me long
strokes, pulling
nearly out,
then hammering
all the way
home."**

I told him to get on the bed, on his hands and knees, facing the headboard. Nonplussed, he did.

I got behind him. I licked my middle finger until it dripped with spit. In a soothing tone, I told him what I was going to do.

He tensed, but didn't object when I slowly swirled my fingertip over the crinkled ring of flesh waiting in the valley between his perfect ass cheeks. He took a deep breath, and I saw his body relax.

My touch was soft, but I heard him gasp just the same. Tension seemed to leave him, and he subtly rocked back toward me.

"There," I cooed, "isn't that nice?"

He let out a soft moan, and I grinned.

I rubbed him with a little more force, going clockwise and counterclockwise. His asshole was firm but pliant, and he was groaning rhythmically.

"You ready for a little more?" I asked.

"Yes!" he gasped.

My plan was working! I pressed even harder until his hole opened just the tiniest bit. I let my fingertip sink inside, going a centimeter at a time.

"Oh fuck!" he uttered.

I stopped immediately and asked, "Are you OK?"

"I fucking love it! Finger me deeper, Cindi."

This experiment was going better than I could have expected, so I drove my digit further into my boyfriend's butt hole.

He could have freaked out right away, but he hadn't. He'd kept an open mind. He had trusted me, and that warmed my heart.

I was being warmed elsewhere as well. This had started off as an instructional lesson, but now my pussy was flowing and my pulse was racing. I was totally turned on, and I was finger-fucking Noah's ass!

His passage was tight, but his muscles were growing ever more relaxed. He took more of me, up to the first knuckle, then I sank in to the second.

Finally, I was in all the way. I curled my finger to stimulate his prostate. The action had an instant effect on Noah. He tossed his head, grunting with pleasure. He said "fuck, fuck, fuck" like it was some kind of carnal prayer.

I slid my middle finger in and out of his hole until he at last panted, "Cindi, let me put my cock in your ass!"

As quick as could be, I squirted some lube on my finger and greased up my hole, stretching myself with my slippery digits. Then I assumed his former position, on hands and knees. My body quivered with intense excitement.

I'd been wanting to get butt-fucked for some while, but the fact that I'd had to finger Noah's asshole to get to that point made the victory all the more delicious.

My boyfriend hurried in behind me, still making lovely growling sounds. I felt him press his swollen cockhead against my lube-slick hole. The moment had arrived!



He pushed forward without hesitation, and I felt him pop inside. My hole gripped him lusciously, a lover's sweet embrace. Familiar pleasure radiated outward from the point of contact as his hands closed over the globes of my ass. More of him drove into me, and I gratefully took every inch of his shaft.

It was the purest bliss—inventive, cooperative and trusting.

Vulnerable and horny, I was taking Noah's big cock in my tiny rear hole, desperate to feel him pounding me hard.

Before long, his balls were pressed against my body. He was all the way in. I was speared deep, my ass channel clasp him like a fist.

He started stroking in and out of me, and I groaned in encouragement. My words appeared to have the desired effect. Soon he was giving me

long strokes, pulling nearly out, then hammering all the way home in one unbroken plunge.

The orgasmic buildup began quickly. An anal climax was always a different beast for me, gathering in its own unique way. The deep-seated ecstasy started out as tendrils of arousal, moving about at my inmost point.

Sexual energy flooded my being. My nipples throbbed with an almost painful hardness as gooseflesh pebbled all over my body. My pussy overflowed with juice, and I felt heat pulsing along every inch of flesh.

Noah fucked me harder and faster. I felt the slap of his balls and heard his primal grunts as his pelvis slammed against my cheeks. He was no longer being delicate, and there was no need for him to be. It was perfect.

His breath huffed, and his fingers sank into the flesh of my ass. I cried out as a climax started in the well of my being and exploded outward. My howl was matched by his.

Hot jets of come erupted inside me, adding to my frantic elation. Noah pounded me until his last spurt of jizz had flown. Then we collapsed.

The good news is, he's definitely no longer squeamish about all things anal. He still even likes me to finger him now and again. One time I did it while going down on him, and he came so furiously cream ran out of the corners of my mouth.

Maybe one day I'll put on my strap-on and really give him some fun. But one thing at a time.

—C.S., Gary, Ind.

Hot Stuff

Darlene was tending to something in the oven when I entered the kitchen. She was bent over, and my eyes were immediately drawn to her shapely ass. Man, she was one fine looking piece.

Apparently, she didn't hear me approach because she jumped when I grabbed hold of her hips and pressed my front to her back.

She stood bolt upright, pushing her hair out of her face, and then punched me lightly in the arm.

"You could have pushed me into the oven! I could have died," she said in mock indignation. But she was laughing, and by that point I was, too.

I squeezed her plush hips and kissed her mouth.

"I would never risk losing you—or your ass," I said, sliding a hand down to cup her cheek. She laughed again.

"I see how it is. You just love me for my ass."

"Well, in my defense, it's a perfect one," I told her.

She pulled a pan of brownies from the oven and then turned off the gas as she said, "I'd hardly call it perfect."

I hauled her to me and rubbed against her, so she could feel the hardness of my cock. I kissed her softly at first, then more intensely. I pushed my tongue into her mouth, and she responded in kind. My mind was completely focused on fucking her at that point. Well, to be more precise, fucking her ass.

I grabbed handfuls of her luscious bottom and squeezed. Darlene pressed her body against me. Her mouth slid along my throat, and my cock jumped.

She knew what I was after. She pushed her mouth to my earlobe and whispered, "If you eat my pussy good, I'll let you take my ass."

That was an offer I couldn't refuse. I love eating her snatch, so it was a win-win situation for me.

"Bedroom," I said. I took her hand and



pulled her along with me as we hurried up the steps.

Once there, I tugged off her red sweater and then whipped off her bra. I bent to lick her nipples, making her practically purr. I cupped one breast in my hand and sucked her nipple hard. I bit the little nub and made her moan delightedly. Then I moved on to the other breast and gave it the same attention.

Holding the back of my head, she whispered, "You know I love it when you do that."

I pushed my hand into her yoga pants and slid beneath her panties, searching for her clit. When my fingers found it, she moaned again. Then I pushed those digits inside her pussy. I pumped them in and out of her slick heat, making her gasp and wriggle. I kissed her again. But she pushed me back to unfasten my belt buckle and open my pants. Then we both rushed to get naked in a clumsy haste, and in the process I got tangled up in my pants, which she found hysterical.

While I was trying to escape my clothes, she grabbed my cock and gave

it a few good hard strokes. That didn't help with my concentration, that's for sure.

But I kept my goal in mind: Eat her pussy, then you can fuck her ass.

My dick pulsed as I thought about sliding into her backdoor and the warm, tight grip of her hole.

I flung my pants aside and pushed her back onto the bed. She hit the mattress with a bounce and a loud squeal. I dropped to my knees, grabbed her full ass and hauled her toward me. When her butt was perched on the edge of the bed and her long legs draped over my shoulders, I buried my face between her thighs.

Darlene pushed up to meet me, grinding against my face. I worked her clit with the tip of my tongue. As I flicked it, I teased her asshole with my fingertip. Her juice and my saliva slid from her cunt down her butt crack, helping me ease my way inside. Ever so slowly, I slipped my digit into her ass while I tongued her button.

She groaned and sighed as she tangled her fingers in my hair. Her



tugging and animalistic noises fueled my arousal. My cock was pulsing and desperate to feel some friction. I pushed my finger into her deeper, while increasing the speed of my tongue.

She put both of her hands on my head and held me tight to her pussy, her back arching as she climaxed suddenly. I couldn't have come up for air if I'd wanted to—but fortunately I was happy to be right where I was.

When her tense muscles finally relaxed, I went back at her with my tongue, moving lazy and slow. It only took a few minutes for her to come again.

I stood and pushed her thighs wide before I plunged my cock into her pussy. I kept my gaze on her pretty face, admiring her flushed cheeks. She chewed her lower lip adorably as I screwed her.

She finally manage to utter, "I thought you were going to fuck my—"

"Shh. I will, but I want you to be out-of-your-fucking-mind horny."

"Oh, I am."

I rocked my hips from side to side in the way that always gets her off. When she came again, her cunt quivered around my dick, which surprised me by providing a sudden wave of intense pleasure.

I pulled free of her and said, "Roll over."

She got on her stomach without pause and pushed her gorgeous ass back toward me. I slid a finger into her pussy, gathering up some of her slick moisture. Then I pushed that same digit deep inside her back hole. I moved it in and out, before adding a second. I took my time; I wanted to be sure she was ready—really ready.

But when she pushed back toward me again, I knew I was good to go. My balls ached with the need to come, and my cock was beyond hard.

I placed the head of my cock at her asshole and pressed forward. She sighed as I entered her. I still took it slow, though, enjoying the feeling of her body squeezing my shaft. I grabbed ahold of her hips and pushed in a bit farther.

"Yes, baby," she said. "Fuck my ass."

She knew how those words would affect me. She knew it would shut down my mind and ramp up my arousal.

Without missing a beat, I rammed home, feeling her velvety inner walls gripping me.

I held her steady as I drew myself out with exaggerated care. She tried to rush me, to get a good, fast rhythm going, but I wouldn't do it. At least, not yet. I made her wait.

She pushed her hand beneath her body, and I felt the tickle of her fingers as they attacked her clit. Occasionally, she'd slip and graze my balls. Knowing she was working hard to get herself off while I nailed her made me hotter than ever.

Her impatience was infectious, and I started to fuck her faster. Every thrust brought me closer to bliss. She was so hot and tight, and she'd given herself over to me completely.

I kept hammering into her and felt her slide her fingers inside her pussy. Through that thin layer of flesh, I felt the drag of her thrusting fingertips against my cock. The double penetration made her back passage feel even tighter. I didn't want to come too fast, but it was becoming difficult to hang on.

I shut my eyes, concentrating on everything I was feeling. Her body seemed to be hugging my dick even tighter. That told me she was going to come, and I wouldn't be far behind her.

against me, and I felt her surrender—felt the ripple and clench of her around me as she came. She put her head down, her body shuddering and her arms trembling. She cried out loudly as she shook, the orgasmic spasms wracking her. She stayed down, head resting on bent arms, her ass held high. She was moving with me as I found a rhythm that would take me to the end. I dug my fingers into her hips as I pistoned in and out of her. I was rapidly approaching the point of no return.

My breath was puffing like a freight train, my cock stone-hard. I felt the sway and bang of my balls as I fucked her. I was locked in the vortex of my own pleasure, and every time she made a soft sound of submission, arousal burst through me like a flare.

She raised herself off the mattress and turned her head, her dark hair falling away from her face as she said, "Come for me. Come in me."

I held my breath, feeling the tingling beginnings of an orgasm swirling within me. I only made it a few more strokes, and then I was gone, pumping her full of cream. My body jerked wildly against hers, and I gripped her so tight I feared I'd leave marks on her pale skin. I bucked against her and heard her sigh. I

"She was so hot and tight, and she'd given herself over to me completely."

"You're so big," she said. "I love the way you fill me up. How it feels to have both holes stuffed full. I feel like such a dirty girl when you take me this way."

Her voice trailed off as the sensations became too much for her. She had been talking, but it was like she wasn't speaking to me at all.

Her body quivered around me, growing so tight I heard myself suck in a breath.

I trailed my fingers along her hips and thighs, my touch feathery-light.

She groaned and pushed back

felt the wetness of my load leaking from her. Only when my cock started to grow soft did I pull free.

Times like these were always intense, and I hated to see them end. But I knew we'd soon make more memories.

I bent over her and kissed the top of her head. She was breathing nearly as hard as me.

I hadn't anticipated cooking up such hot encounter. But how can I help it when my wife is such a dish!

—K.A., Concord, N.H.



Gina's Wild Ride



My fuck buddy Gina has always been into ass play. She loves a good rimjob and will come like a fucking fountain if you slip a couple of fingers in her behind during sex. But I'll always remember the day the butt gods smiled upon me: the first time Gina asked me to put my dick in her ass. Without a doubt, hearing the woman you regularly screw ask you to do her that way is akin to hearing angels sing. My cock sprang to attention at the mere suggestion.

Gina already had a bottle of lube on hand—you've gotta love a girl who's prepared.

Raring to go, she popped the button on my jeans and sank to her knees, pulling my pants and boxers down with her.

My shirt was next. She stood and yanked it off over my head. Then she took a step back and worried her lower lip between her teeth as she eyed my raging erection. The expression on her face looked like she was wondering if it would fit in her little hole. But I could tell by the look in her eyes when she'd made the lustful determination to plow ahead with her plan.

Gina dropped her bathrobe to the floor right there in her living room. Her teardrop-shaped breasts were the first thing I noticed. I couldn't help it; it was like my eyes were drawn to her chest by a magnetic force. But she broke their spell when she turned around, and I finally got an eyeful of her shapely rear. She was wearing ass-less underwear. Thin strips of black elastic crisscrossed the top and bottom of her cheeks, creating a web that left her asscrack completely exposed.

When Gina turned to face me again, I was delighted to see the front of her panties left her pussy equally accessible.

Honestly, it wasn't really underwear so much as an intricate bit of decor designed to draw attention to where my dick should go. Not that I needed any direction, mind you.

Gina walked toward me with the lube in hand. Then she leaned forward, giving me an incredible view of her tits as she prepared to pour lube all over my cock.

But that's not how I wanted this to go. I took the bottle from her and guided Gina onto the couch, telling her, "You first."

Gina knelt on the cushions, facing away from me. She arched her back so her sexy, heart-shaped butt was displayed in its gorgeous glory. She spread her legs a bit and briefly parted her cheeks, allowing me a glimpse of her puckered asshole.

She was a thing of beauty, with creamy cheeks, a glistening pink pussy and an inviting asshole.

Forgoing the lube for a moment, I instead focused my attention on Gina's delectable ass. She was gripping the back of the couch now and thrusting her butt toward me. Her wide hips were perfect for holding on to. My cock twitched as my fingers sank into her soft flesh. I bent down and kissed her, one ass cheek at a time. Then I held those plush globes apart and traced her asshole with my tongue.

Gina bucked her hips and shoved her ass hard against me. I welcomed the opportunity to bury my face even deeper between her cheeks, so I could tongue her tiny hole.

As I teased her tight opening, Gina cooed and squirmed. It felt like she was cheering me on in a quest I was more than happy to undertake. I kept up my gentle pace until impatient Gina moaned, "More!"

I was happy to fulfill her wishes. I tongued her more intensely before I pulled back and admired her spit-shiny asshole. The sight was so tempting I couldn't resist leaning in for one last kiss. Then I traced my tongue along the edge of her asshole, thoroughly wetting her crack.

Once I'd had my fill, I snatched up the bottle of lube and dribbled a healthy amount on my fingers. I rubbed the slick liquid over them with my thumb, making sure every digit was evenly coated, then I eased my index finger into her asshole. It sank in so easily that I immediately added another, and then another after that. Slowly, her muscles stretched to accommodate me, allowing me to bury myself up to my knuckles.

Once I had those digits firmly settled inside Gina's asshole, I moved my free hand around to her front to stimulate her clit. I could practically feel the beat of her pulse when I pressed

against that hot little bud. My girl was seriously wound up!

When Gina angled her hips, pushing against my fingers to increase the pressure on her clit, her asshole clamped down on me with a vise-like grip. But I knew exactly how to loosen those muscles right up. I wiggled the fingers nestled inside her back passage, and I felt her body instantly relax. It was almost like she was surrendering to the inevitable, and the thought made me crazy.

"Oh, fuck," she groaned. "I want your cock! Now!"

I eased my fingers out of her hole and grabbed the bottle of lube to slicken up my shaft.

Next thing I knew, Gina said, "Not so fast, tough guy. That's my job."

She took the bottle from me and pushed me back onto the couch. I simply grinned at her. Who am I to argue with a hot, naked woman who wants to make my dick wet?

From my comfy position on the couch, I watched Gina tip the bottle over the crown of my cock. Viscous lubricant flowed over my erection. Her fingers curled around my dick, catching the shiny rivulets of lube as they streamed down my shaft. She continued to apply even more as she slid her fist up and down, coating my skin with the slippery liquid. By the time she was done, my cock was glistening.

Gina turned away from me again. Using her hands, she parted her ass cheeks, giving me another look at her little hole. Then she lowered her ass onto my cock, swallowing me up one agonizing inch at a time.

I sucked in a steadying breath through my teeth. Fuck, she was hot and tight, and I felt my balls growing taut. I was ready to bust a nut.

But that wouldn't do. I wanted to stay buried in Gina's ass for as long as possible. I needed to make our first true anal encounter last.

And, really, the perfect distraction was right in front of my face. To stave off my own impending orgasm, I focused on driving my partner to her peak.

Sitting up, I slipped my hand between her legs and brushed over her clit briefly on my way to her pussy to slicken my fingers with her natural lube. Then I made my way back to her puffy clit. She

groaned when I coasted over the swollen bud. Eager to get her worked up, I circled the pads of my fingers over her nub, making her moan continuously.

Focusing on Gina helped me last. Don't get me wrong—her quivering asshole still felt incredible on my cock. But the beautiful sounds of Gina's pleasure-filled voice ringing in my ears gave me an incentive to maintain our erotic encounter.

To keep my fingers flying, I kept moving down to her slit to gather more juice. Gina was a sloppy mess as she bounced up and down on my dick. At one point as I dipped my finger inside her pussy, I also pressed the heel of my palm against her clit. That motion must've given her a little kick of pleasure because she uttered, "Oh, fuck!"

Her body tensed and relaxed around me, presenting the perfect opportunity to ram my cock harder into her hole. I

"Every jolt of pleasure that rocked her pussy seemed to echo in her asshole."

bucked my hips upward, slapping my pelvis against her ass. God, it felt so good!

Gina bounced on my lap, meeting my movements and jamming my cock in and out of her ass. While fingering her pussy gave me something else to concentrate on, it also caused a maddening ripple effect. Every jolt of pleasure that rocked her pussy seemed to echo in her asshole. Gina's backdoor was massaging my shaft, her pulsating muscles gripping and releasing me.

But my girl wasn't done surprising me just yet. She eased my cock nearly out of her ass, then she slammed herself back down, swallowing me up all over again.

Holy fuck, I swear my vision blurred. Then she did it again and I started speaking in tongues.

Even when I couldn't see straight, I

kept playing with her pussy. I loved the feel of her quivering flesh against my fingers—soft, warm and soaking wet. When I jammed myself into Gina's cunt one last time, the tips of my fingers bumped up against her G-spot, and both of her holes gripped me hard. The feeling sent me into a tailspin.

My eyes rolled back into my head somewhere around her third or fourth "oh fuck!"

There was no holding back this time. My balls started to tingle as every muscle in my body grew impossibly tight. Fucking Gina was no longer a conscious decision, but a primal act. My libido was determined to carry out the mission long after my brain shut off.

Meanwhile, Gina continued to bounce on my dick like it was a damned pogo stick. Rather than attempt to match her rhythm, I sat back and relaxed, content to let her drive us both home.

Within seconds, my girl had me shouting right along with her. I held on to her hips and curled my fingers into her thighs, acting as though she could keep me grounded when my body felt ready to blast off into another dimension.

Then, finally, the dam broke. I grunted and groaned as come pumped out of my cock and filled Gina's ass. I came so hard and fast that my jizz started to drip out of her hole, and even then, I couldn't stop. Unable to hold back, my hips hammered into her until every last drop of cream had drained from my balls.

When Gina crawled off my lap, I had the distinct pleasure of noting her asshole remained gaping open. It was a welcome reminder of where my cock had been and how well it fit.

I was already fantasizing about the next time I would fuck Gina, imagining myself pulling out of her pussy and dipping right into her ass. And I knew she'd love every second of it.

—H.W., via email

If "getting there" is half the fun, isn't it twice as much fun when you enter the backdoor? If you have an anal adventure to share, write to us! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department BT, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



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ANY WETTER!”
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Erotica

Sext Appeal

A revealing selfie sparks a steamy exchange between a woman and her take-charge boss, leading to an explosive corporate merger.

By Stefanie Simmons





My most shameful slip-up actually led to the hottest sex of my life! It all started when I accidentally texted a picture of my pussy to my boss. It wasn't just any crotch shot, either. Oh no, this was full frontal with fingers involved. I was parting my labia, my camera close enough to catch the glimmer of my bathroom light reflecting off my very wet, pink flesh.

I was bored and horny, intending to send the dirty picture to the guy I'd met at the bar the night before. But one careless screen tap later, I'd made a colossal blunder—or so I feared.

Almost immediately, ellipses appeared in my boss's chat bubble, confirming Derek had most definitely seen my message. And he was replying!

My breath caught in my chest. The anticipation was killing me.

Finally, salvation arrived in the form of a little text bubble: "Want me to pretend I never saw this?"

A simple "yes, please" was all it would have taken to put a cap on my most embarrassing error to date. And yet, I couldn't bring myself to type the words. I mean, if he wasn't interested at all, he'd have shut me down completely. Posing a question implied that he might be interested in more. Right?

And I've always thought my boss was insanely hot.

Deciding to go for broke, I took a deep breath and typed out, "You could, or you could show me something in return."

There were those damned ellipses again, mocking me while I waited impatiently to learn if I had just made the best or worst decision of my career.

Finally, my phone chimed.

"What did you have in mind?" read his text.

Relief washed over me in calming waves, followed by unadulterated excitement. The ball was back in my court, and things were going very well. Still, he'd asked an excellent question. What did I have in mind for his photo? I couldn't ask for a dick pic, or could I? That felt like something you should build toward—even if I did come in hot sending a full-frontal pussy to start this whole thing.

After waffling for a few seconds, I settled on starting out slow. A sexy mirror selfie was the perfect request to test the waters.

"I've always wondered what you're hiding under those starched button-down shirts," I typed.

Cue the butterflies taking flight in

my belly while I waited impatiently for his reply. Fortunately, he didn't leave me hanging for long. Before my screen could fade to black, Derek was back with another message.

There was my boss's bare chest—lean, muscular and shirtless. I'd definitely seen him leaving the office with a gym bag before, but I hadn't expected such an athletic physique. Clearly, the suits he wore every day were doing us all a great disservice.

A dusting of hair covered his chest, accentuating his pecs. From there my eyes wandered down, skimming over his flat belly and down to the waistband of his pants.

Why hadn't I asked him to take those off?

Derek's thumb was hooked on a belt loop, tugging the front of his jeans down enough to give me a peek at the spot where his abs cut into a "V" that pointed down to his dick.

"Am I everything you expected?"

Was he kidding? Just one topless picture had me fogging up my phone screen.

"Everything and more. Now take off those jeans so I don't have to keep using my imagination."

"No, no. It's your turn to take off your shirt."

Thanks to my earlier texting escapade, I was already bottomless. But my T-shirt remained firmly in place. A quick glance at the mirror across the room confirmed my bedhead hair gave off a just fucked look. Perfect.

I whipped the thin cotton top over my head and tossed it onto my pillow, then I grabbed my phone and opened up the camera. Years of snapping provocative selfies had taught me tit pics should always be taken using the phone's front lens. With that in mind, I flipped the view and leaned forward until only my abs, breasts and puckered lips were in the frame.

This time, Derek didn't bother responding with words. He already knew what I wanted, and damn, did he deliver! His next picture was taken in a new room—one that had a full-length mirror.

There wasn't a stitch of clothing to be seen in that shot. My eyes devoured the image, from his muscular legs to his

sexy, crooked smile. One hand held his phone and the other fisted his rock-solid dick. I know Derek's hands are on the larger side, and yet those hands the size of dinner plates were dwarfed by his dick. The shaft extended several inches beyond his fist, and it looked as though he couldn't close his fingers around his girth.

My eyes widened. I wondered what my little hands would look like holding a dick so big. What would it feel like to suck him into my mouth and take him down my throat?

I wished I could reach through the screen and replace his hand with my own. Oh, what I would have given to run my fingers over his shaft!

"I'd already started to stroke my clit while I eye-fucked his drool-worthy picture."

Snapping back to the moment, I sent him an emoticon with heart eyes, followed by a question, "Now what can I do for you?"

Within seconds, he answered, "Lay back on the bed and show me how you finger yourself."

I'd already started to stroke my clit while I eye-fucked his drool-worthy picture, so that request was particularly easy to fulfill. I crawled up to the head of my bed and reclined on the pillows, angling my back so I was comfortable enough to both give myself pleasure and capture the moment on camera.

First, I recorded a quick clip of my index finger gently caressing my clit. I sent that along to Derek and asked, "Like this?"

"Oh, yeah. Now dip that finger inside your pussy and slide it in and out. Show

me how you fuck yourself."

Being the diligent employee I am, I followed my boss's directions to a "T." After circling my clit a few more times, I slithered down into my slit and massaged my folds. Once my finger was thoroughly coated in my juices, I slipped it right inside my pussy.

My cunt's muscles rippled around my digit, urging it to dive just a little bit deeper. I crooked my finger so it pressed against the most sensitive spot inside my snatch. Oh God, did that feel fucking good!

When I stopped documenting the action, I didn't bother pulling my finger from my pussy. Why should I? It was much more fun to keep fucking myself while I waited for further instructions.

"I want to see how wet you are. Take out that finger and show me," Derek ordered.

Once again, I gave him exactly what he wanted, right down to catching the way the light reflected off of my dewy fingers, making them glimmer. As an added bonus, I panned up so he could watch me lick my juices off. My cheeks hollowed as I sucked the slippery digit into my mouth, swirling my tongue all around it until I'd lapped up every bit of my wetness.

The video was a little on the long side, so I bided my time by playing with my pussy some more, while I waited for his reaction. I laid my phone on my mound and rested my wrist on top of it, pushing it down so the corner nudged my clit. When Derek texted me back, the phone's vibration gave me a little thrill. I imagined he was there in bed with me, rolling a buzzing sex toy over my clit.

I flipped the phone up to look at the screen and was excited to see it was my turn to watch a video. There was a close-up of Derek holding his oversized dick. Three to four inches of it extended beyond his fingers, and he definitely wasn't able to close his fist around it.

He pumped his cock hard, getting so into it that the picture was little shaky. Then he sped up even more, his fist moving so fast his hand kept slipping up and over his flared cockhead. His muscles tensed up, accentuating all the grooves and cuts in his abs and upper thighs. When thick, white come jetted from the top of Derek's dick, I closed



my eyes and pretended he was actually fucking my mouth, spilling his hot seed right down my throat.

That image pushed me rapidly toward my own peak. My hips bucked hard against my hand, but my body still hummed with unspent sexual energy. I pressed the heel of my palm to the top of my cleft to massage my clit. Just that little bit of force was all my body needed to pop off like fireworks.

My pussy twitched, gripping my fingers as though they might offer some salvation. The electric sensations sparked everywhere, making my toes curl and my fingers flex.

As my orgasm ebbed, I let myself ride the final waves of my pleasure. In my mind, I could still see Derek's fist gliding up and down his long, thick erection. The man's body was a masterpiece, right down to his very generous package.

The handsome stranger from the bar was totally forgotten as I began considering all of the creative ways I could have fun with Derek and his big dick.

My phone buzzed, breaking my reverie as it announced the final message I would receive that evening.

"Watching your videos drove me absolutely wild. I want to fuck you bad."

And on that note, I was left alone with my own thoughts, conjuring up all sorts of ideas about what might happen when we next saw each other.

The following morning at the office, Derek's assistant emailed me a request to meet with my boss after lunch. The appointment blocked out three consecutive hours on my calendar, directly before my weekly team meeting.

Of course, that also meant my morning was a wash. As hard as I tried, I couldn't focus on the materials for my presentation, let alone accomplish anything else. Instead, I spent the majority of my time pushing away dirty thoughts



as I imagined what my boss could do to me in those three glorious hours.

By the time I headed to Derek's office, I hadn't done more than drink a cup of coffee and brush my teeth to freshen up for our appointment.

When I arrived, his assistant's desk was unoccupied and her computer switched off, but his door was ajar. I peeked past it, straining to see if Derek was inside.

"Come in, and please, close the door behind you," he said.

Startled, I hurried into the office and pulled the door closed against my back, flipping the lock closed as casually as possible. Just in case.

Derek stood before the window with his back to me, making it impossible to gauge his mood.

"I'm sorry," I stammered. "Your assistant wasn't at her desk, and I wasn't sure if I should come in."

He turned to face me. His lips lifted into a smile that highlighted the dimple that pierced his chin.

"Don't worry about her. She's been instructed to enjoy a very long lunch. She won't be back for hours."

No wonder he's the boss—he thought of everything!

Now that I knew what Derek was hiding beneath his tailored suit, I saw things a bit differently. For example, I knew his broad shoulders were not an illusion created by overstuffed shoulder pads. He was the real deal. And every bulge in the fabric was created by completely natural factors—including the very large one I spied just beneath his waistband.

Derek gestured to the space next to him and said, "Please, join me."

I walked toward him on shaky legs, wondering what he had in store for me. His demeanor was even and gave virtually nothing away.

In my fantasies, an office hookup often began with a rakish executive sweeping his arm across a paper-strewn desk, clearing the items to the floor in a frantic display that proved how desperate he was to get naked with me.

In reality, Derek's desk was neat and orderly, his manner quiet.

"Place both hands on the desk and spread your legs," he said.

I was nervous and stumbled as I

turned to face the furniture. But Derek was right there to place a hand on my back to steady me. He caressed me with a gentle stroke of his thumb. That simple gesture excited me.

Once I was positioned the way he wanted, Derek sank to his knees behind me. His fingers snaked around my ankles, setting my skin alight with his touch. He skated his fingers up my calves, slowly and sensually tracing my muscles with his fingertips.

When he reached my knees, he placed a kiss on the sensitive indent on the back of each leg before journeying even higher. He skimmed his hands along the sides of my thighs, dragging my skirt up along the way. The hem of my pencil skirt got caught beneath my curvy ass, but with a little yank from Derek, the fabric soon cleared my humps and was banded around at my hips.

Derek stood and took a step back to admire his handiwork.

"Beautiful," he murmured as his fingers toyed with my lacy thong.

He tugged my wispy undies down, letting them fall to the floor. Then he helped me step out of the confining elastic loops, lifting one stiletto-clad foot at a time.

and allowed him to stuff the underwear between my lips to muffle my cries. I'd carefully selected that particular pair in the event my boss made a physical advance. But I hadn't expected them to be nestled inside my mouth!

Once I was muzzled by my panties, he rewarded me with a kiss on the cheek and said, "As always, you exceed my expectations."

Derek slipped his hand between our bodies and worked his fingers into my folds.

"Wet already," he said with a smile. "Exactly what I like to see. Turn around again and bend over the desk."

I resumed my previous position. I couldn't see what Derek was doing, but I did hear a jingle of metal when he unfastened his belt and let his slacks drop to the floor.

He stepped close to me and reached around to my front, nestling his hand between my thighs. He palmed my wet pussy, then slipped his fingers inside me, stretching my hole and readying me for that massive dick.

Next, I felt his warm, velvety rod slipping between my thighs. Then the flared head of his cock pressed against

"He pistoned his dick into my pussy, trading erratic movements for forceful thrusts."

Once I was unfettered, he stood and turned me to face him. He leaned in, brushing his lips over my ear as he whispered, "I want you to go into your next meeting with my scent all over you."

His knuckles rubbed against my mound, grazing my clit.

"I want you to stand up there and give your presentation, feeling that sweet soreness between your legs, and remember me bending you over this desk and fucking you so hard you forgot your own name."

He balled up my delicate panties with his masculine hand and lifted them to my lips saying, "So you're not too loud."

I knew what he wanted, so I relented

my opening. I moaned as he fully seated himself inside me. I groaned softly, hoping my underwear would muffle most of the sound. It was the middle of the day, and we worked in a busy office. Anyone could have been outside.

"Fuck, you're tight," he whispered in my ear. I clenched my muscles, squeezing his prick with my pussy, and he moaned helplessly.

Keeping his big, beautiful dick buried deep inside me, Derek returned his hand to my clit. He pressed a fingertip to the swollen bud and circled it slowly. I felt tingling sensations spread from my pussy outward, suddenly consuming me entirely. He kissed my



shoulder, then my neck and finally my earlobe.

"Perfection," he whispered.

His free hand fell on the small of my back and pressed me down onto the desk.

"I dreamed about this moment all night long," he drawled. "So far it seems we're an excellent fit."

Derek began moving in and out of me with lightning fast speed. His first thrust would have sent me flying across the desk had his hand not been on my back, holding me firmly in place.

My fingers flexed atop the glossy wooden desktop. Derek's dick pummeled me perfectly, and my cunt quivered in response. I raised myself up

on my toes, angling my body to accept every inch of his dick.

How glad I was to have a mouth full of lace at that moment. It reminded me to keep my noises to a minimum.

By that point, my pussy wasn't just pulsing. It had clamped down on Derek's dick, gripping him with all its might while my juices overflowed from where our bodies met as my climax raged.

A loud grunt followed by a change in rhythm hinted Derek was close to coming, as well. He pistoned his dick into my pussy, trading erratic movements for slow, forceful thrusts.

Once Derek had pumped the last of his come into me, he pulled out and

closed my legs up tight.

"Can you handle sitting through a meeting with a cunt full of come?"

Still unable to speak thanks to the panties that filled my mouth, I nodded instead.

"I'm so glad," he said. "I'll be there to catch your presentation. Don't worry, though. We still have plenty of time to ourselves to prepare."

I'm not sure if I would qualify fucking until I couldn't walk straight as preparation. But it did help me to reach a very Zen level of relaxation. I walked into that meeting feeling on top of the world, knowing that at the end of the day, my boss would be on top of me! ☺



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Spotlight on Girl Meets Girl

Natural Wonder

Seeking solace in the great outdoors, a woman finds the female lover of her fantasies and experiences earth-shattering pleasure.

By Jolene Rodgers



Burnt-out and vulnerable, I was ready to be swept away by something vast, soothing and stronger than myself—stronger than any of the travails of relationships and career and city living. And the great green forest wasted no time weaving its spell over me.

These were my days away. Away from everything that had made me sad, edgy and angry for the past months. I didn't much like myself in my overwound state. I was concentrating too heavily on my job and neglecting my emotional well-being, which ended up leaving me numb. And not a good numb, either. Not the ethereal numbness that's almost like an epiphany, which comes after a bout of really good sex.

No, I hadn't been as lucky as that.

I'd had lovers during this past hectic stretch. But they were part of the

problem, rather than the solution. Little busy creatures who flapped about distractingly in my cage before flitting away. Altogether unsatisfactory and unsatisfying.

So, I'd granted myself these days away in the woods. To the cabin I'd gone, my grandfather's cabin. Granddad is long gone now, but I sensed the kindly old man in every beam of his rustic getaway. I could even still vaguely smell his pipe smoke in the air.

I had gone up there before, to those hills, as a young girl. He'd take me fishing at a nearby stream. I never caught a thing, but I loved hearing his stories, tales of magical creatures who roamed these very woodlands.

Now I was there again, coming up into these brisk elevations by way of a rough, winding road. I stood out on the timber porch, breathed deeply and looked off into the forest—and let that forest

look back at me, as if it were a single, sentient entity, recognizing me from days gone by.

"Hello, old friend," I murmured.

I was answered by a warm breeze that sighed through the trees. No city noises at all, which was almost its own kind of sound.

I was alone. On a whim, I stepped off the porch and headed toward the stream, trusting memory to guide my way. Soon I heard the gurgle of the water. Already some part of my spirit was at ease.

A memory came to me as I gazed at the clear flow of the water: Lori. Wow. I hadn't thought of her in some while—or hadn't thought of her with such clarity, without the background babble of all the rest of the shit going on in my life.

Lori. My woodland sprite.

We'd met during my second year of college in a botany class. She was



a pretty girl, with a kind of elfin face and short platinum hair. I didn't even quite understand at the time that I was attracted to her. I'd never done anything sexual with another woman before—or since.

One bright sunny day, students were sent into the field in pairs. There was an extensive woodland preserve north of the university, and we were to explore our assigned patches of it and identify as many items of flora as we could.

So, into the woods I went with the cute, pixieish Lori.

She had always seemed very shy in class. But outdoors, she was friendly toward me, smiling and giggling when I said something funny.

I caught her giving me these intense stares when she thought I wasn't looking. There was a kind of blazing look in her eyes, and I couldn't help but respond. The attention awoke a tingling in me, the kind of arousal I'd only ever experienced with men up until that point.

I didn't really know what was happening, but I felt comfortable just going with it, whatever "it" was. I was acutely aware that we were alone in our patch of paradise, with just the trees and the open sky.

The day was warm, and we were both sweating. That was when we came upon the stream. Without warning, Lori tossed down her notebook, where we'd been recording our observations. She said, "I'm going to take a dip, Jolene." With that, incredibly, she started peeling off her clothes. She rushed, as if she'd psyched herself up for the stunt and was afraid of chickening out.

Shocked and intrigued, I watched her strip. Her body was beautiful. Perky tits, trim lines. She was absolutely delectable.

Arousal flared hotly within me. My nipples hardened beneath my khaki shirt, and wetness streamed from my pussy. I was looking brazenly at my naked classmate—and she grinned back at me, apparently liking the attention.

"Come into the water with me," she said huskily.

As if in a trance, I unbuttoned my shirt and skinned off my hiking shorts. I hesitated before removing my panties, then before I knew it I'd stripped those off as well. I was completely nude.

Outdoors. Naked before the hungry gaze of another woman.

I had no idea what would come next. This was brand-new territory, an erotic landscape where I was a stranger. I looked to Lori, the only other inhabitant of this tantalizing realm.

She stepped into the stream. Water splashed up her calves, then her thighs. She dunked herself entirely before standing back up, glistening with her platinum hair dripping wet.

She held a hand out toward me.

I put a foot in the water, which was cool but not cold. The current wasn't strong, but I sensed it as the stream wisped past my ankles. I was focused

**“She fingered
me diligently
until a climax
shuddered
powerfully
through me.”**

far more intently on the naked woman before me. So, I did—almost out of reflex—as she had done and dunked myself into the clear riverlet. It was refreshing. When I reached her, I put my wet hand in hers. The water was a foot below our waists.

She smiled and drew me closer to her, as if we were about to commence a watery waltz. Our bodies touched, flesh cool and wet. How smooth her skin was. My thighs were against hers. I realized with a start that our breasts were pushed together, that we were pulling tighter still, that our mouths were inches apart.

What was next? I thought in a panic born of high-strung excitement.

But it was obvious what was next. We did what came naturally. We kissed.

God, that kiss. Her lips moved sensually on mine. So soft. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to kiss her back, to let my mouth melt against hers.

When her lips parted and her tongue emerged, I mimicked her. Our kiss grew more intense, and my belly quivered with excitement. We were clasping one another, grinding together in our growing urgency.

Around us the stream flowed, just as my pussy did. I wanted this woman, as I had never wanted a female before. Such wonder. Such newness!

In silent agreement, we waded back to land. We lay down on a patch of soft moss, and soon we were rolling back and forth, kissing and groping each other. I touched her everywhere, thrilled by her softness. She caressed me, her fingers tickling between my thighs before diving into my wet cleft.

She fingered me diligently until a climax shuddered powerfully through me. But that was just the beginning of our erotic frenzy. I sucked her breasts, feasting on her swollen nipples. Then boldness overtook me, and I licked my way down her body until my mouth was at her gleaming slit.

I knew what good oral sex felt like from the guys who'd done it best to me, so I reverse-engineered the process, zeroing in on my lover's clit. Soon I was rewarded with her orgasmic cries as she shivered with delight.

Lori, of course, returned the favor. We continued to finger, suck, lick and kiss for the rest of the afternoon, sharing final simultaneous orgasms as the sun finished drying us by the stream.

Eventually, we resumed our botanical fieldwork. The whole sexual encounter had been so easy, so uncomplicated. I marveled at it, and the sense-impressions were permanently imprinted on me.

As it turned out, Lori and I never hooked up again. She'd gotten involved with someone else, and I'd busied myself with the studies that would eventually lead to my hectic career.

But our encounter had been years ago. As I stood by this other stream, in another time, I remembered Lori fondly and felt those memories arouse me anew. As if obeying old instincts, I



took off my clothes and left them on the bank. Naked, I stepped into the flow. I splashed water onto my body. My nipples stood up fiercely erect, and my pussy tingled. I touched myself, pursuing that familiar excitement. I hooked two fingers up into my cunt as images of Lori's body burned across my closed lids. Deep orgasmic tremors overtook me, starting at the core of my being, then racing outward.

I cried out loud, my voice echoing away into the surrounding woods.

Returning to the cabin, I savored the quiet and isolation.

There was no TV or internet, just the woodsy calm. The cabin had a big fireplace, and I'd brought supplies up in my 4x4.

That night I sat out on the porch, appreciating the brightness of the stars.

I was slowly beginning to feel human again.

I dozed off in the chair but was

awoken by bright peals of laughter, so distant and ethereal the moment seemed like a dream. I blinked open my eyes and heard the disembodied sound again. Certainly there was nobody within the range of the porch's lantern light who was laughing so playfully.

Straining my eyes, I gazed into the moon-silvered trees. They stood like stoic sentinels. I spied the occasional flicker of a bird's wing, but otherwise nothing moved. Wind sighed through branches, but no further laughter came.

I remembered Granddad's yarns of magical wood spirits. Those tales were suddenly vivid in my mind, but I wasn't frightened by them. Instead, I felt a primal excitement, even though I knew there were no pixies flitting about in the night.

The next day I went walking. It was pleasant just to ramble among the tree trunks. I wore boots and hiking shorts—pretty much what I'd worn the day Lori

and I'd had our luscious romp.

Why was it that I'd never gotten around to having sex with a woman again? I wasn't sure. Maybe I'd just taken up the man habit after that delightful lesbian interlude. Maybe I was in a rut. There was no arguing the last few years of my love life had been filled with cocks and complications.

I was lost in thought when I heard a sound that froze me in mid-step. Laughter again. Sweet trickles of laughter, playing somewhere in the trees.

Again, I wasn't afraid. A strange wonder touched me, and I turned in a full circle, looking among the boles and brush. Some part of me actually expected to see a pointy-eared wood vixen gazing impishly back at me. Certainly, the laughter had a frolicsome timbre to it.

The laughing came once more, and I spun sharply, ears zeroing in on it. To



my shock, I spied a head peeking out from behind a tree, some 30 yards away. The eyes looked bright, even at that distance, and I saw a playful grin cutting the face. A pretty face.

A woman's face.

I opened my mouth to say something, but no words came. Those woods didn't belong to anybody, so no one was trespassing. I'd just figured I would be alone there.

The head pulled back. A second later something else fluttered into view as it fell to the ground. There also came the sound of feet racing away.

Instinctively, I hurried over and found a blouse on the ground. I could only blink at it for a moment. But the laughter sounded again, and something told me I had to follow it. I jogged through the trees.

She seemed to have disappeared, and I felt a crushing disappointment that I couldn't explain to myself. But then I caught another glimpse of her, just as fresh gales of giggling rang

through the woods. She wasn't holding back now.

Still some 30 yards ahead, I watched her nimbly unhook her bra and fling it carelessly aside. As she turned, I saw the lush globes of her tits. A wild excitement surged in me, awakening a wave of lustful urges.

I ran after her, ducking branches and hopping roots. I had to reach her. She was as fast and graceful as a deer. Somehow, without breaking stride, she stepped out of her shoes. A few yards on, she performed a sudden duck and roll, and came up with her skirt in her hand. This, too, she flung aside.

I was now pursuing her beautiful panty-clad ass. It looked firm and ripe, and I very much wanted to sink my teeth into her cheeks. She bounded onward, but I managed to lessen the gap between us. My pussy ached, and I was transfixed. All other distractions were pushed out of my mind. I had only one driving purpose: reach the girl.

After another fast gymnastic maneuver, her panties were left behind on the ground. She dashed nude through the trees, still laughing and leading me on. I was breathless with desire.

Abruptly she bounded out of the trees into the unfiltered daylight. She turned and stood, still grinning. I came out of the woods after her, seeing we were by the stream. But that babbling water couldn't distract me from the naked glory of the woman. Her breasts were lovely, tipped with pink nipples. Her pussy was shaved, and I imagined it was as wet as mine.

I walked deliberately up to her, unable to look away from her beautiful body. She seemed to shimmer in the sunshine. I stopped just a foot away from her. She didn't run again. I sensed she'd led me there on purpose.

With that grin on her lovely face, she reached and pulled my shirt out of the waist of my hiking shorts. Then in the same straightforward manner



she started unbuttoning it. I let her, transfixed. Memories of Lori swam somewhere in my head, but I was far more focused on this incredible unfolding moment.

She unfastened my shorts. I stepped out of my hiking boots and yanked off my socks, then she peeled my shorts and panties down my legs. We faced each other, two naked women, bodies painted with sunlight, on the banks of a gurgling brook.

With Lori, I had let her initiate the kiss. This time, with this woman, it was a perfectly synchronized and mutual affair. We both leaned in, and our mouths met. The contact was soft and beautiful, and we wasted little time bringing out our tongues. As the kiss grew deeper, we embraced. Her skin felt wonderful against mine. I relished her softness as our stiff nipples brushed together.

She pressed her mound against mine, and I acted in kind. Pleasure uncoiled at some profound level within me, and I felt it continue to swell.

Our kisses continued with her hands on my back. I reached down to cup the succulent spheres of her ass as we ground our bodies together. She hadn't spoken a word, had only laughed like a woodland sprite. Yet I felt so attracted to her, a connectivity that overrode all else.

But it didn't hurt that she was as hot as fuck.

We sank down onto the soft grass alongside the brook, every move feeling right. Every motion was timed perfectly and executed flawlessly. There were no complications. Nothing to drag my mind and spirit away from the raw beauty of the moment.

We rolled on the gentle grass. We kissed and sighed and moaned with mounting pleasure. I found myself on my back, and she was licking my throat. The sensual swipes of her tongue made me shiver delightfully.

She moved down to my breasts. I groaned loudly as she licked the silky undersides and sucked on my nipples. Pleasure trembled through me as my bliss spiraled out of control. While she licked her way down my belly, I was eager for her to arrive at her destination. I spread my legs, and she took her position. I raised my head to watch. She lowered her face to my pussy and

“She lowered her face to my pussy and swiped her tongue along my slit.”



swiped her tongue along my slit.

I cried out, my hips jerking upward before I settled down and let her worship my pussy. Warmth spread over me, stronger than the sunlight. She focused on my sensitive clit, drawing greater and greater pleasure from it until climactic force swept me up. I closed my thighs tight around her and humped hard against her face. My orgasm tore violently through me, an ecstasy that seemed to lift me up above the treetops.

She lifted her head, and I saw her lips were glistening with my juices. I moved to reverse our positions, and she shifted cooperatively, reclining on the grass. I slipped down between her legs, pausing to plant desperate kisses on her thighs. I inhaled her lovely aroma as I moved into place. Her pussy waited, tempting and inviting.

I brought my mouth to her, and her feminine flavor immediately filled my mouth. Her outer lips were already slick with her excitement. I licked her slippery slit and parted those petals, venturing within. I explored her silken flesh, before homing in hungrily on the bud of her clit.

I lavished her with my tongue, causing her hips to jerk beneath her. Her thighs closed around my shoulders. As I bathed her clit, she jammed herself against my face. Her cries rose higher and higher in pitch until she shivered in orgasmic joy.

In a daze, I sat up. But we still weren't done. We moved close together and cuddled. We kissed gently and caressed one another's breasts. With silent precision, hands slid southward. As our kiss deepened, I buried a finger inside her. She did the same to me, and we started humping away.

She would turn out to have a name, of course. She'd no doubt seen me the day before, naked in the stream, and had decided to have some fun seducing me. I would invite her to my cabin afterward, and we would make love for hours before a roaring fire.

But for the moment she was my wood nymph, and we rode without language into the glorious orgasmic harmony of these magical woods. Our cries echoed and echoed, and in that moment, our ecstasy was without end. ✪



Alpha Wolfe

SEXY IVY CRAVES A MAN WHO
WILL MAKE HER HOWL!

PHOTOGRAPHY
Alexandre Sartre







“I’M ALWAYS UP FOR SOME
HEAVY PETTING!”

—IVY







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True Confessions

In Good Hands

Shy and single, Kelly expands her erotic horizons by impulsively acting on her attraction to a handsome masseur who rubs her the right way.

By Kelly Windsor





Being rather reserved, I didn't always act on my erotic urges—no matter how high my sex drive—until I had an interesting encounter that changed my perspective—and my life—forever.

My friend Frieda presented me with a gift card for my birthday while we were out to lunch. It was good for a free rubdown from her favorite masseur, Eric. I was startled by her generosity, but I also felt a wave of nervousness. I bit my tongue and didn't tell her I had never gotten a massage before. I'd never even considered the possibility, and I was kind of embarrassed to fess up to her.

It's not that I didn't like being touched. My reticence would be easier to understand if that were the case. In fact, the situation was quite the opposite. My eyes zeroed in on the word "massage," and it nearly blocked out every other thought in my head. A wave of tingling warmth flooded my body—a deliciously naughty feeling—and I felt

my cheeks reddening. The idea of a stranger's hands on me made me giddy, even though it also gave me serious butterflies.

Despite my shyness, I knew I had to give this guy Eric a try. He came highly recommended by Frieda, and I trusted her judgment.

"You'll love him. I've been going to him for years, and I won't see anyone else," she gushed. "To be honest," she added, touching my wrist, "he's as hot as hell. Honestly, there have been times when I've had the most awful thoughts about him. If Ralph knew ... Oh! I don't know what I'd say."

She laughed, and I smiled awkwardly. Ralph was her husband, but he was not particularly perceptive. I doubt Ralph would have realized Frieda was having "awful thoughts" about her masseur even if he were telepathically connected to her.

Apparently, Eric had previously worked at a neighborhood salon. But once he'd acquired a substantial

clientele, he began taking appointments at his own private studio.

"So, do I just call him up?" I asked hesitantly, turning the card over in my fingers. "Do I tip him?" A million questions came to mind, and they all seemed to want to be asked at the same time.

"Oh come on, Kelly," she said with a laugh. "You've had massages before!"

Her incredulous voice suggested weekly rubdowns from hunky men were de rigueur for every woman in the city. Well, maybe they were. What did I know?

But the idea of admitting my ignorance to Frieda made me feel a little overwhelmed.

Instead, I smiled and mindlessly pushed my salad around my plate with my fork.

"Sure," I murmured, lying through my teeth. "I've done it plenty of times. Just last month."

Frieda gave me a long, searching look. She could have easily called me

out. All she had to do was ask who I'd seen, and I'd fall into stuttering, red-faced humiliation. But she didn't. Instead, she steered the conversation to a new boutique that had opened in her neighborhood, and for a time, that was the last I heard of Eric or massages. Nevertheless, I couldn't stop thinking about either.

Even though my future appointment with Eric was of a nonsexual variety, my dirty mind was continuously fantasizing about our impending encounter.

Let me explain. I've always been highly sexed, even though I didn't lose my virginity until I was nearly 30. Although I've often had strong sexual desires, I've also usually hesitated to act on those feelings. Maybe I'd just never clicked with the right guy in the right way.

I'm told—mostly by female friends—that I'm attractive. I personally think I'm a little too tall. But I do believe I've got a nice figure, and men seem to like me when I make the effort to speak with them. But it's true that guys haven't been beating down my door for dates. But, God, do I dream about them!

My favorite thing to do on weekends is to relax in bed and give my favorite dildo a workout while I think about Adam from accounting, Marty from sales or some nameless guy I saw on the bus. I picture all sorts of men pounding my pussy. Sometimes I'll imagine someone encircling me from behind with strong arms and either kneading my boobs until I melt or fingering my cunt until I'm a sticky mess.

If only my male coworkers knew what I was thinking when they walked past conservative-looking me!

So you can imagine what Frieda's birthday present did to me. The mysterious Eric gradually but effectively nudged my small army of fantasy lovers out of my psyche. I searched online and discovered nothing but rave reviews for his services. However, I found no pictures or physical descriptions of him. For all I knew he could be a tall Nordic type or a Latin lover with a devilish little beard. My imagination conjured up tattooed hipsters and buttoned-down prep school types. All the while, I knew until I called the number on that card, imagination would be all I had.

So one night, fortified by a couple

glasses of wine, I dialed Eric's digits. When a deep, soft voice answered the phone, I almost gave a little squeal. I think I'd convinced myself there would be no answer—that the phone would just ring until voicemail picked up.

Somehow I managed to get myself together and arrange an appointment for the next day at lunchtime. Eric was perfectly polite and professional. It was only at the very end of our conversation that I nearly lost it, when he said in a low, sexy tone: "I'm looking forward to meeting you."

A second later, he hung up. But the echo of his voice in my mind left me flushed and feeling horny.

I assure you, that night I gave Mr. Dildo a very thorough workout.

“My ass rolled with the gentle rhythms of his body as he massaged me.”

The next day I was a nervous wreck, which the rational part of me knew was silly. But I couldn't shake my feelings. I just hoped I wouldn't embarrass myself!

Eric's studio wasn't far from my apartment. There was nothing sleazy or seedy about the building, but I felt myself blushing from head to toe as I made my way up the staircase. My heart was fluttering with anticipation over the thought of feeling Eric's strong hands on my body.

I was more nervous than I should have been, but I forced myself to ring the buzzer on Eric's door.

It opened almost immediately, and there he was: my dream man made flesh. He was tall and slim, his body tapering from generous shoulders down to narrow hips. His hair was dark blonde, and he had a five o'clock

shadow I found totally sexy. I'm not sure how I expected a masseur to dress, but he was in cotton drawstring pants and a snug-fitting T-shirt that showed off his muscular arms.

I found myself entranced by Eric's green eyes, hypnotized to the point where he had to actually touch my shoulder to get my attention as he asked if I was all right.

I hastily assured him I was and followed him into his studio.

Eric asked me if I had any questions before we began. I had plenty, of course, but no words seemed to want to come out of my mouth. He'd left me truly tongue-tied.

The studio itself was spotlessly clean, with classical music playing from small speakers near the door. Just off the main entrance was a smaller room. I spied a massage table and cubbies laden with fluffy white towels, as well as a shelf of oils and lotions. The walls were covered with paintings of flowers and seascapes that made me guess the majority of his clientele were female.

When Eric suggested I shower first, I jumped at the opportunity. The bathroom was very pleasant, scented with a lovely floral potpourri. I stayed under the hot spray for a while, letting my tension melt away. When I came out, wrapped in a cozy white robe, I felt completely at ease.

Eric was utterly charming and personable. After a short conversation with him, he no longer felt like a stranger. I couldn't wait for him to put his hands on me.

He led me to the massage room, instructing me to lie on the table and drape myself with the sheet provided before he stepped out to give me some privacy.

He'd done a great job with his setup. His easygoing manner, as well as the studio's scents and sounds, soothed me in a way I'd never before experienced.

Minutes after I'd settled myself on the table, Eric tapped on the door to the massage room and came in as soon as I gave the go-ahead.

He drizzled some already warmed oil on his hands and briskly rubbed his palms together. A moment later, I was being taken on an amazingly sensual journey. I sighed as his fingers began working out the knots in my back and



shoulders. He methodically massaged my body, uncovering areas of me only as needed. He seemed to pay careful attention to spots that were fraught with tension. It was a delicious experience.

But deep down, I was longing for him to go to town on my breasts. My nipples were rock-hard throughout the whole process. But Eric was a consummate professional and didn't touch them.

He seemed to have an intimate knowledge of my body, knowing in advance exactly where I needed attention. He worked certain places I had never thought would benefit from a massage, like the backs of my thighs just above the knees. Then when his hands moved to my ass, I had to actually restrain myself from groaning out loud.

Each stroke of his oil-slick hands thrilled me in ways I'd have never believed possible. I made a point of telling myself to thank Frieda later, because that massage was the best

present I'd ever gotten.

But the whole heavenly episode ended more quickly than I would've liked, leaving me a little frustrated. I certainly hadn't been expecting him to fuck me—or had I?

Despite all of Frieda's winks and giggles, Eric was a trained professional. I could hardly expect him to compromise his principles simply because I was horny. Yet part of what I wanted was the experience of being taken, of having my body manipulated by a handsome and experienced stranger.

I admitted to myself that was what I had secretly been hoping for, and I couldn't help feeling a touch of disappointment, no matter how unwarranted.

I reluctantly left Eric that afternoon with a handshake and a generous tip and went home to my dildos.

A week or so later, I got a call from Frieda. She told me Eric had very much

enjoyed our session and wanted to get together in a non-professional capacity. That is—he wanted to take me out on a date! He had asked Frieda to speak with me and see if I was interested. He hadn't wanted to be inappropriately forward by asking himself.

Needless to say, I was flabbergasted. For a while, I just held the phone, unable to actually say anything. Finally, Frieda blew up at me with her usual tact:

"Kelly, what is wrong with you? I swear, if you don't go out with him, I'll knock you upside the head!"

Of course, I agreed. But all my self-consciousness came back in full force. Could a guy as good-looking as Eric really be interested in me? Apparently, he was because that same evening he gave me a call.

We arranged to meet for drinks at a hip new restaurant in town, and even though I was a nervous wreck I showed up right on time. I couldn't help it.



Eric was as charming as before, which was certainly no surprise. As the date moved from cocktails through a light dinner, he told me about growing up in New England and his year abroad as an English major in Oxford while he decided what he wanted to do with his life.

"So what led you to a career of massaging beautiful women?" I asked with a smile.

By that point, I was comfortable enough with him to get flirty, something that normally took a lot longer to accomplish with other men.

Eric shook his head and replied, "I don't know. I just seem to have a knack for it. I'd always loved massaging my girlfriends. It's something that comes naturally to me. Let me show you."

With that, he took my hand—very gently—and began working away at the base of my wrist.

"I like that," I said softly. I did, too. His hands were warm and strong, and I wanted to feel more of what he had to offer. Hell, I wanted more of him.

"You know," Eric said, his voice lowering, "I'd like to give you a more intimate massage, if you'd like."

Our eyes met, and I replied, "I think I would like that."

After dinner, we took a cab back to his apartment. My heart pounded fiercely during the drive. I couldn't believe what

I was doing—actually going home with this man for sex! He wasn't a total stranger, but I didn't really know him. But I didn't care. I knew I wanted him, and by gosh, I was darn well going to have him!

Eric's place was tiny, but beautifully decorated with exposed brick walls and a view of the river out the front window. He put on some music and led me to his bed. Once there, he undressed me very slowly. Each piece of my clothing seemed to melt away under his hands. Next, he slipped off his shirt. His body was as handsome as I had imagined. Tanned, toned and muscular—he was utter perfection.

Eric had me lie facedown on the cool sheets and drizzled a floral-scented oil on my nude body before his hands began to stroke and caress me.

As good as the massage in his studio had been, my private session was so much better. My whole body felt like it was softening instantly, like butter in the summer sun. His jeans were still on, but when he pressed against me I felt the urgency of his hard cock through the denim.

I wanted him so badly. My ass rolled with the gentle rhythms of his body as he massaged me. Occasionally, he'd lean down and his soft lips would tenderly graze my ear, the ticklish sensation sending chills down my spine.

When he moved off me, I thought for sure he was going to shuck his jeans and fuck me for real. But instead, he went to work on my ass, squeezing my cheeks and parting them teasingly for a moment before pressing them back together. He worked his way down my legs and took one foot in his hands. Caressing it softly, he lifted it toward his mouth, making me cry out as he nibbled at my arch. Those soft bites delivered teasing, maddening shocks of pleasure that made my pussy moisten.

Eric's slow seduction made my simmering passion boil over, and I couldn't hold back my desires any longer.

"Fuck me," I pleaded, whispering the words as if in a fever dream.

I rolled over onto my back, desperate to feel his body against mine, to feel his chest pressing against my breasts. His incredible hands stroked me gently, unlocking all of my hidden passions as if we'd been lovers for years. He cupped my tits and squeezed my nipples, sparking a brilliant but delicious pain. I couldn't take any more waiting. I reached out and fumbled with the button on the waistband of his jeans, tearing at his fly until it opened and his hard cock sprang into my hands.

Eric pushed back and sat on his heels. I followed him hungrily, unwilling



to let him go. I kissed his dickhead, moving from the flared head down to the base. I would have sucked him off then and there, but he motioned for me to wait so he could remove his jeans. Then he pressed me back onto the bed, covering my body with his. He reached between us and jerked his cock, slathering it with massage oil.

Seconds later, Eric slammed into me. The sensation of his cockhead breaching my pussy was unreal. I grabbed him and dug my nails into his muscular shoulders as he thrust in and out of me like a man possessed. I was finally being taken, fucked exactly the way I'd wanted in his studio. Before long we were working in tandem, my ass rising and falling off the bed as Eric slammed his hips against me. The longer we lasted, the more energy he displayed, twisting his hips so his cock seemed to corkscrew within me. Keeping up with him became more of a challenge, but I was determined to show Eric he'd met his match.


Soon I was all but slamming my middle into his, half snarling and trying to keep from clawing too deeply into his skin.

I'd wanted this man so badly and could hardly believe I was screwing him. Our frantic pace continued, and before long I felt his body tensing as he raced toward his climax. His thrusts became more frenzied, as did my own. I was going wild, begging him to come inside me.

Eric roared as his climax hit, triggering my orgasm and making me go supernova. I hugged him tight, jamming my hips upward to take all he had to give. Finally, we fell apart, gasping, sighing and kissing.

The lights of the city shone through the open window, making our glistening bodies gleam. We were laughing and whispering endearments to each other. But I have to admit, I had surprised myself.

What had happened to shy Kelly? Not so long ago, I would have been horrified at the thought of even speaking to a man to whom I hadn't been properly introduced. But one sensual adventure later, I was in bed with a handsome guy who was little more than a stranger! And who knew where I would go from there?

I guess it just goes to show you—once you take that first step, you never know where you'll wind up! 

“I grabbed him and dug my nails into his shoulders as he thrust in and out of me.”





Dream Lover

SQUEAKY-CLEAN ALANA HAS DIRTY THOUGHTS ABOUT HER NEIGHBOR.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Sir Ron









“I’M HOT FOR JOHN’S
BIG BLACK DICK!”
—ALANA









Swinging & Swapping

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The Initiation

Lloyd, my co-worker, was getting cold feet about his upcoming wedding. So he sought me out because I'd been married for five very happy years.

We went out for a beer, and Lloyd laid his worries on the table.

"It's just that after we tie the knot, I will never be with another woman besides Karen. I'm not looking around, but that one fact just hits me between the eyes."

It was the age-old worry. I'd experienced it myself, before my wife, Vicky, and I came to our special accommodation.

Lloyd went on, "But then I see you and Vicky, and you both seem so happy together. I wonder how you do it."

"We are happy," I said. "But ours isn't a typical marriage." I couldn't help but smile a little smugly.

"What do you mean?" Lloyd asked curiously.

I hesitated. I considered Lloyd a friend, but I didn't want my lifestyle to become office gossip.

"Can you keep a secret?" I asked.

"Absolutely."

I took a long swallow of beer. "OK. In the time I've been married to Vicky, I've had sex with more women than I can count."

His eyes popped as he sputtered, "You cheat on her?"

"No. We're swingers, Lloyd."

I watched as the statement

penetrated his brain. Realization slowly dawned on his face.

"Wow. I've never known anybody who actually did that."

He sounded stunned by my confession, and I chuckled.

"You've probably known plenty. Lots of people do it. But we tend to keep quiet about it."

At least, that was the way with Vicky and me. We'd been introduced to a circle of local swingers by a friend who'd seen we were having marriage troubles and thought opening our relationship would be the solution to our troubles. She was right.

Lloyd shook his head in amazement and said, "So, you have sex with other

women, and Vicky—

“Fucks other men.”

“Doesn't that make you jealous?”

“No. She's not looking to fall in love with some other guy and run off. She just gets to scratch the itch, same as me. We're more in love with each other than ever.”

Lloyd seemed baffled, so I explained that what Vicky and I had was total trust. She had my heart; I had hers. Our bodies, however, were up for grabs.

Lloyd and I parted ways for the night—and no office gossip ensued, which I appreciated.

A few days later, he approached me again.

“I told someone about your secret,” he confessed. “Karen.”

I'd previously met Lloyd's fiancée and thought she was lovely.

“How'd she react?” I asked, figuring she would have been as gobsmacked as Lloyd.

“She was fascinated! It seriously turned her on. She wants to know more about the scene.”

Now I was the one who was surprised.

“And how do you feel about her interest in swinging?”

He looked me in the eye and admitted, “I'm glad she's interested. Hell, I haven't been able to think of much else since you told me about it.”

I looked around to make sure we were alone. “OK,” I said in a low voice. “I can introduce you to a fun couple. Try it out once, and see if you really like it.”

He leaned in to interject, “Actually, we were hoping you and Vicky might want to, you know, hook up with us. I mean, we know you both and think you're great.”

I was touched. My cock stirred in my pants at the thought of screwing Karen. I already had no doubt Vicky would love to get boned by Lloyd.

I told Vicky about our discussion when I got home, and she, of course, was up for some fun. She smiled wistfully at me and asked, “Do you remember our initiation?”

“How could I forget?” I took her in my arms, and we kissed as memories flooded my mind.

The friend who'd helped us with our marital troubles had taken me to bed and set Vicky up with her own husband.

And it had done the trick. All the

insecurities between Vicky and me vanished. I didn't have to worry about her cheating on me because it was only cheating if you kept it a secret. At least, that's how we decided to define it.

We invited Lloyd and Karen to our house. We have two comfortable guest bedrooms at opposite ends of a hall that are perfect for entertaining playmates.

But we didn't jump into things immediately. After their arrival, we relaxed with glasses of wine to break the ice.

I eyed Karen, anticipating what was to come. I saw Vicky's heated gaze target Lloyd and noticed a familiar twinkle in her eye. But we didn't rush the moment. Instead, we talked easily and casually.

But when I sensed the two newbies getting restless, I stood, held my hand out to Karen and asked, “Would you like to share some time with me?”

She looked automatically to Lloyd,

**“I squeezed
her boobs in
my hands,
bringing a growl
from deep in
her throat.”**

who nodded anxiously. She took my hand, and I led her to one of the guest rooms. Vicky, meanwhile, took Lloyd off to the other. We had done this so many times, but it was still thrilling.

I closed the bedroom door behind us. I had planned to start with a gentle kiss, but Karen whirled around and pulled me to her. She mashed her mouth against mine, and I barely had time to react before her tongue was thrusting past my lips.

She ground against me, and I loved the feel of her pert tits pressing into my chest. I kissed her passionately as my excitement surged.

I tentatively pushed my groin toward her, and she humped her crotch

shamelessly against my growing bulge. Her hands moved on me, groping and caressing.

Our clothes were terribly in the way. So she got out of her top, and I peeled off my shirt. Her tits were ample mounds, tipped with stiff nipples as pink as strawberry frosting. I squeezed her boobs in my hands, bringing a growl from deep in her throat.

We flung off the rest of our clothing. I beheld the lovely spectacle of Karen's bare body. Her hairless pussy gleamed with waiting wetness, and her whole being seemed to buzz with eagerness and sexual energy.

She boldly took hold of my stiff cock and pulled me toward the bed. Grinning, I tumbled aboard. Her naked body wrapped itself over mine.

I kissed her squarely on the mouth. I shifted and ran my tongue down her elegant neck. Moving further south, I licked the curves of her breasts, then focused on the exquisite undersides, which caused her to squeal with pleasure.

Finally, I had at her aroused nipples. First I licked, then batted them about with my tongue, then sucked, and at last I bit down gently on them.

But Karen simply wasn't interested in gentle.

“Harder!” she demanded.

I complied, being mindful not to cause any real hurt, of course. As I nibbled one, I tweaked the other with my fingers. She writhed on the bed, plainly relishing the sensations.

Eventually, I resumed my southward tour of her body. I kissed her flat belly and shouldered apart her smooth thighs. I looked down on the glistening groove of her shaved pussy, and when my tongue touched her slit, she jerked and cried out. I lapped at her outer lips. Then I quested inside, my tongue tip finding her slick, silken interior and her musky flavor filling my mouth.

I went deeper, homing in on her swollen clit. The excited bud seemed to quiver as I worked it. But when I delicately grazed it with my teeth she went nuts.

Her legs closed like a vise over my shoulders, and she lifted her ass clear off the bed. She mashed her pussy on my mouth and let loose a veritable howl.



Probably it was audible at the other end of the hall.

Her wetness left my face shiny and slick. I came up for air, and as I did, she seized my jaw in surprisingly strong hands and proceeded to kiss my chin and then my lips, sampling her own flavor.

Afterward, she shoved me onto my back, knelt between my legs and took a gentle but firm hold of my balls. My cock stood straight up, and her eyes burned hungrily as she dropped her mouth onto my cockhead.

Now it was my turn to squirm. Her tongue swirled around my knob like it was a lollipop. Then she plunged her way right down my shaft, bypassing her gag reflex to deep-throat me like a pro.

Lloyd had himself a dynamo of a fiancée. If she was always revved this high, swinging would definitely be a good idea for them, I thought.

Her head bobbed, and her tight lips kept up a nice suction around my dick. As her tireless tongue squirmed, she also gently worked my balls with her fingers. My excitement soared higher and higher as pleasure prickled all over my flesh.

But she pulled her mouth away before I could blow a load down her throat. We needed to finish our hookup off the right way. Lloyd's bride-to-be needed to get fucked. Just like I hoped Lloyd was screwing my wife. It would make their initiation official.

I could see Karen wanted to ride me, and I had no complaints. Staying on my back, I let her climb on. With a purr of pleasure, she lowered herself onto my cock. I watched my shaft disappear into her—an erotic magic trick that never gets old.

Reaching up, I fondled her tits. She planted her feet, and with a lusty grin, she started raising and lowering herself on my staff.

I let her take me at her own speed. She started off slow, almost leisurely. She seemed to savor every second of the experience, like this was a thing she'd wanted to do for a long time—with someone other than her fiancé. That was the healing power of swinging. Needs could be satisfied without wrecking relationships.

Soon she picked up the tempo. She rode me faster and harder, slamming

down on me. I matched her rhythm, thrusting upward and spearing her sharply. She whipped her head from side to side, and a cry built in her throat, then tore through the room. Her climax was like a visible energy crackling vividly around her.

When it had passed, I rolled her over without withdrawing from her. She smiled languidly up at me as I started fucking her. I plowed her hot, tight pussy, giving her long, deep strokes.

Excitement grew in both of us. She dug her fingers into my shoulders and gritted her teeth. The final moment was approaching for me. After a few more urgent thrusts, there was no holding back.

Karen came with me as I unloaded into her. Every spurt released a wave of joy and satisfaction.

I only noticed the door to the room had opened because Lloyd was standing before us. He was naked and smiling. Vicky, also nude, came up behind him and led him back down the hall.

Their initiation was complete.

—T.W., Miami, Fla.

House Party

When a couple finds a hobby they can enjoy together, it's such a blessing. For my husband

and I, that happens to be swinging. Recently, we attended a party at the home of a prominent couple in our community. Their four-floor brownstone had plenty of space for fun encounters.

A beautiful young woman greeted us at the door and took our coats before directing us down the hall to the bar. My stomach did a little flip as we entered the room. This certainly wasn't our first rodeo, but it was the first time we'd ever attended a party without knowing the majority of the guests.

Within seconds, an attractive couple started chatting us up at the bar. The wife, a short brunette boasting an ass that could double as a table, was clearly interested in my husband, Jerry, which delighted me. After all, that's why we were there.

Her husband, Martin, was a silver fox who obviously still spent plenty of time at the gym. Something about the look of salt-and-pepper hair just makes me melt. Add some well-defined muscles to that, and I swear my legs fall open of their own accord.

We sipped our drinks and enjoyed a bit of small talk. Then I got tired of beating around the bush. Happy to take the lead, I grabbed Martin by the hand and led him deeper into the house.

The sounds of the party changed as we moved from the bar area into the den. Couches lined every wall and large cushions were scattered across the floor.

Eager to get our evening started, I directed Martin to a sofa and settled myself in his lap. I felt his erection pressing against my ass, encouraging me to take things to the next level.

But Martin didn't show any signs of wanting to rush. This experienced man knew how to take his time exploring a woman's every dip and curve. His strong hands swooped over my hips and thighs



to grip the hem of my dress. Then he rolled it up until my pink panties were visible.

"I like these," he whispered as he worked his fingers underneath the material that covered my mound to briefly tease me.

Martin then hooked his arm around my waist and seated me on the couch, settling himself right in between my legs. He left my sheer underwear firmly in place and dropped his mouth to my aching cunt.

At first, the sensation was dulled. I felt

his tongue moving over me, but the thin panties kept me from fully appreciating the effects. However, that soon changed. His tongue ran up and down my slit, making the damp material cling to my skin. The texture of garment seemed to intensify every tap of Martin's tongue.

When the fabric became so wet that it felt as though it wasn't even there, he focused on my clit, covering it with his pursed lips and sucking on it rhythmically.

My legs closed tight around Martin's face. His five o'clock shadow scraped



against the sensitive skin of my thighs, sparking a tingling sensation that made my toes curl.

I groaned, adding my voice to the chorus of pleasure that already filled the room. Martin was a very talented man. It didn't take long for him to sync with my body, finding the perfect combination of pressure and suction that drove me wild.

He was clearly the kind of guy who knew how to use his whole mouth to get a girl off. His lips, teeth and tongue all worked together to make my body sing.

My thighs began to quake, and before long, the sounds of sex surrounding me faded into the background. All of my energy and awareness was centered on my clit. Martin massaged that sensitive nub with his tongue, slowly stoking the flames of my desire. Occasionally, he would switch things up with a quick series of flicks, then fall right back into languid licks—a maddening combination that propelled my body toward release.

If I weren't so delirious from the feel of Martin's teeth gently scraping against my clit, I'd have marveled over the fact

or words. Instead, I uttered the guttural cry of a woman who'd been thoroughly pleased.

After I rode out the last wave of my climax, Martin flipped me over and positioned me on all fours. He arranged my body so I had a picture-perfect view of my husband with Martin's wife. She was on her knees, directly in front of Jerry—watching and waiting.

She leaned forward, letting the tip of his dick tap against her glossy lips.

I couldn't get a good look at her face, but I imagined she was wearing a sly smile, pleased with herself for drawing out Jerry's anticipation.

My husband seemed to sigh with relief when she opened her lips and allowed his dick inside. I was transfixed by the sight of them.

Martin's lips brushed over my ear as he whispered, "I like watching my wife, too."

Amused that he caught me ogling our spouses, I turned my head and kissed him on the lips.

"Why don't we give them a reason to

pads of his fingers circled my sensitive bud as he rocked his hips, giving me more and more of his shaft with each thrust into my pussy.

I gasped when my ass finally bumped against his pelvis, stunned by the feeling of fullness.

Martin grasped my hips and held them steady, stabilizing his target. That's when he began to ram himself into me with more force, making me shiver with delight. But I really lost control when he slipped his thumb into my asshole.

"Oh fuck," I yelled. "Fuck, oh fuck!"

My vision blurred—Martin had seriously fucked me cross-eyed.

Ready to surrender completely, I closed my eyes and reveled in how good it felt to have both of my holes filled. Every time Martin wiggled his thumb, my pussy spasmed—and he was wiggling it a lot. Orgasmic pressure was building inside me, threatening to bubble over into another explosive climax.

"You've got another one in you, baby. I can feel it," he encouraged.

Apparently, he was right. Seconds

"He arranged my body so I had a picture-perfect view of my husband with Martin's wife."

that his mouth could send me to the moon without skin-to-skin contact. Seriously, the man had talent, and he was using it to make me fall to pieces.

Briefly, the thought of Jerry watching me with my lover flitted into my mind and nearly sent me over the edge. My hips bucked hard against Martin's mouth, increasing the pressure and the pleasure.

While my pussy pulsed, my tits positively ached to be touched. I skated my hands over my tummy and up to my chest, cupping my boobs and tweaking my nipples. It felt so good.

My body continued to writhe. I was so fucking close to getting off. All I needed was a tiny bit more—something.

That's when Martin sucked my clit hard. He rolled the bud between his lips and helped me reach my peak.

My orgasmic shouts were wordless as my brain short-circuited. I was completely incapable of forming phrases

look at us?" I teased.

"With pleasure," he replied, hooking his fingers into the waistband of my undies and tugging the garment down to my knees. The stretchy fabric allowed me to open my legs just enough to keep the action going.

"That'll do," he muttered.

I heard the crinkle of a condom wrapper behind me, then I felt Martin's sheathed dick slip between my folds.

Part of me was tempted to rock my hips back and take his whole dick in one smooth thrust. But I already knew Martin was a man who valued taking his time. Why rush the experience when I had a partner who was willing to spend his entire evening finding new and exciting ways to make me moan?

Martin reached around and curved the fingers of one hand over my mound, resting their tips on my clit. Immediately, I knew I was wise to follow his lead. The

later, my whole body went as tight as a bow.

"Yes!" I shouted in triumph.

My cunt grew even more slick as my orgasm blossomed. Meanwhile, Martin kept fucking my quivering body until he let loose his load.

When he finally pulled out of me, my muscles turned to jelly. I sat back against the couch cushions, feeling exhilarated.

My body was still experiencing blissful aftershocks when Martin dropped to his knees before me and pushed my panties down to the floor.

"I just want to taste you one more time," he drawled. Then he proceeded to lap at my slit until I came like crazy, while watching his wife get fucked by my husband.

Now that's what I call a party.

—P.F., New York, N.Y.



Swapping Tails

Dan's reunion with his old friend turned out to be an exciting night for me, too. And I learned some interesting facts about my new husband that changed our relationship forever, but in a good way. Let me explain.

We'd just walked into the party and saw a bunch of people chatting up the host when my husband spotted a childhood pal and shouted, "Big Ben!"

His sudden outburst made me jump, and he laughed as he whispered, "Sorry, love."

Dan tugged me along toward his pal who was standing with a gorgeous blonde I correctly assumed was his wife. I went willingly; we'd say hi to his other friends later.

My husband hugged me close as we approached the broad-shouldered man in a blue suit and the petite lady in red. The men shook hands like they were trying to tear each other's arms off, but there was nothing but smiles and clapping of backs as they hugged exuberantly.

Dan introduced me to Chloe and Big Ben, who was very big indeed. Ben took my hand and surprised me by kissing it. A little tingle sparked within me, catching me off guard. And I noticed Dan seemed to be very affectionate when he kissed Chloe's cheek.

My man and I had a whirlwind romance and had just eloped, so I hadn't met many people from his past yet. But I was very interested in getting to know this handsome new fella.

Burly Ben studied me intently and asked, "How did this dirty dog get such a lovely woman like you?"

"He's just lucky, I guess," I replied, going along with the joke.

Chloe and Dan laughed, and my hubby added, "Truer words have never been spoken."

Dan's hand trailed along the swell of my bottom and rustled the soft fabric of my dress. I felt unexpectedly aroused.



There was an interesting vibe between my husband and this couple, and I couldn't quite put my finger on it.

The four of us chatted briefly and then found a table. The guys talked about the good old days: high school, college parties and dating. Judging by the look on Chloe's face, she'd witnessed much of their shenanigans.

When Dan got up to order us drinks, Chloe turned her attention to me and said, "You are stunning. Isn't she, Ben?"

He stared me down as he said, "Exceptionally."

I blushed sheepishly before saying, "You two are very kind."

Ben said seriously, "I'm glad we got to meet. I haven't seen Dan in so long. I had no idea he'd hit the jackpot by marrying a gorgeous, smart woman. Lucky bastard."

More blushing. More shifting in my seat. A steady, hot thumping seemed to have taken up residence between my thighs. At first, I thought I should feel bad about being turned on by Ben. And yet, my instincts told me I shouldn't be ashamed. In fact, I had a hunch I should embrace it. So, I did.

And what was even more surprising, Chloe didn't seem bothered one bit about our flirt-fest!

I began imagining that big man holding me tight as he fucked me, and before long I found it difficult to catch my breath. He was so damn hot.

I got so lost in the thought that I was startled by Dan's return.

I excused myself to go to the restroom while they waited for a server to drop off our cocktails.

As I headed off, I got the distinct impression the three of them would be talking about me while I was gone.

When I returned, they seemed to be whispering conspiratorially.

"What's going on?" I queried.

"We want to tell you a story," Ben said.

And then they filled me in on their dirty little secret: During college, the guys used to swap girlfriends—and Chloe had previously bedded my guy.

I was stunned and aroused.

"So you want to share me with Ben?" I asked Dan, making sure I understood the inference. "And you want to screw Chloe again?"

My husband's face was red, but his eyes were shining with excitement. Chloe looked equally bashful and eager.

"I would like that. Very much," he said.

Ben's big hand covered mine, and the friendly gesture made me shiver.

"It's entirely up to you," said my hubby's hunky friend.

But I was already all fired up over the idea.

"When?" I asked.

"How about tonight after the party?" Ben proposed. "You can come to my hotel room, and Chloe can head off with Dan."

I took a deep breath to steady myself before saying, "OK."

The three of them beamed brightly.

Dan gave me a lingering kiss that left my pussy aching, and beneath the table, Ben rested his hand on my thigh. When I shifted and parted my legs slightly, Ben slid his hand up to briefly cup my pussy through my dress. Then he returned his hand to the table as the party continued.

When we left hours later, I had a serious buzz going on. But it wasn't from booze. I felt drunk with anticipation.

Ben's hotel was close by. His hand rested between my thighs during the short drive, and every so often he'd run his finger over the cleft of my sex and stimulate my already pounding clit.

I could still feel the ghost of Dan's last kiss on my lips—feel his hands skimming across my ass as he told me to have fun.

Somehow his blessing, him wanting this, made it all the more thrilling. And knowing he'd get to play with Chloe also turned me on. I was shocked by my lack of jealousy, and I felt more alive than I had in years.

Inside Ben's room, we tumbled onto the bed. He ran his hand up my thigh and held me tight while we kissed. I felt lightheaded as passion overwhelmed me. I gasped and groaned as I bucked my hips and writhed against him.

Ben pushed my dress up and yanked my panties down. Then he sank to his knees on the carpet and hauled my ass to the edge of the mattress. Without a word, he put his hot mouth on my even hotter cunt. His tongue nudged my clit, and I ground my crotch against his face. My pleasure and excitement were intense as I hovered on the edge of climaxing.

Continuing to lap at my sensitive nub, Ben slid a finger into my cunt and pushed it in deep. My hands threaded in his dark hair, and I yanked it hard as my orgasm wrecked me, hitting me fast and hard. He left me shaking and breathless.

I was in a haze as Ben rose and moved me into the center of the bed. He settled his bulky body over my more petite frame, lavishing me with lusty kisses. Then he worked quickly to shed his suit and peel my dress off of my quivering body.

He glanced at my thigh-high stockings, leaving them in place. That made me feel even more sexy somehow.

Terribly turned on, I spread my legs and let him see how wet and ready my pussy was for him.

He studied me with a hungry fire burning in his eyes.

Ben placed his palms on the mattress on either side of my head and pressed his body to mine. His hard cock pushed against my wet slit. He kissed me feverishly, and when I was about to weep with longing, he slid his dick into me slowly. His thick shaft stretched me wide as it advanced one inch at a time. I arched my back and raised my hips, eager for as much of him as my body could take.

In no time flat, he was thrusting into me with a perfect rhythm. Every time he drove forward, his dick pressed the most sensitive places inside me. I felt the next orgasm building from the get-go. It was a warm sensation that quickly unspooled inside me. I gripped his shoulders and moved my body in time with his, clenching my internal muscles around his thrusting cock as my climax shattered me.

"You're so perfect. Such a sexy bitch," he muttered.

Ben's dirty words thrilled me, and he continued to mumble obscenities as he kissed and licked my neck. His kisses were rough and followed by harsh nips that made my cunt flow like a river. He was fucking me like an animal, and I loved it.

Another short, sharp orgasm surprised me. It was more like a rubber band snapping, and it left me feeling completely unfettered.

I felt weak and boneless, and Ben easily flipped me over onto my belly before mounting me from behind. His bulk pressed me into the bed, and I relished being pinned beneath him. I was helpless as he rammed me with his meaty dick. He made me feel like a fuck-toy, and it was glorious.

Then Ben pulled free of me and turned me onto my back. He straddled my head and lowered his massive cock. I parted my lips and let him sink in deep. I relaxed and let him fuck my face. It felt so dirty to let him use me like that. I reached a hand down and began mindlessly fingering myself as his dick rocketed in and out of my mouth.

But Ben didn't shoot off just yet. He repositioned us so he was on his back, and I leaned over and took him in my

mouth again. I sucked his cock with wild enthusiasm as he thrust upward to drive his dick into me once more. I inhaled sharply through my nose and took him as deep as I could.

"Fuck," he groaned. "I'm so close. So close."

I pulled back and then mounted him, sliding his cock inside my cunt. I gripped his shoulder and went for a ride.

"You're so damn pretty," he said before his eyes slammed shut. He was soon at the point of no return. Ben grabbed my hips and rammed his pelvis upward, jamming his dick into me from below. I groaned, so close to coming again.

I rocked my hips from side to side getting the perfect amount of friction to trigger my release. As the spasms wracked my body, my pussy squeezed him with rhythmic pulses.

This time Ben came along with me. With a loud shout, he flooded me with his cream. He released a series of wordless exclamations as his shaft twitched within me and released a half dozen spurts of warm jizz.

With shaky legs, I climbed off his body and felt our combined juices leak from my snatch and coat my thighs. I dropped to the bed beside him and had a hard time catching my breath.

Ben reached over and played with one of my erect nipples.

"Let's get a bottle of wine from room service, and then we can kick off round two," he suggested.

I liked the sound of that and hoped my husband was having as much fun as me. But I needn't have worried because his night turned out to be just as hot. We swapped more than partners that night; we traded stories later and got so turned on the two of us fucked until dawn!

—G.L., Columbus, Ohio

Ever traded partners for sexual variety? Spiced up your bedroom with a smorgasbord of sweaty bodies? If you're a sexual adventurer who has switched on to the swinging scene, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make the experience live on forever. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



Carnale

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Travel Perks

Recently, I took a solo vacation to a rustic-looking farmhouse near a vineyard. I'd planned to indulge in three of my favorite things: wine, food and books. I hadn't realized sex would be on the menu as well. But life is full of wonderful surprises.

When I'd reserved my room, the booking agency showed me a picture of a kind-looking, grandmotherly type who would supposedly be my host.

What they failed to mention was that sweet old lady might be the owner of the property, but her grandson Roberto actually ran the place. And that hot, young hunk was the person who worked directly with guests—apparently seeing to their every need.

That was definitely the case with me. By the end of my lengthy stay, I realized I'd spent more time in his bed than my own!

On one memorable night, Roberto took me to dinner in town. It was already dark by the time we'd finished eating,

and I was impatient to get back to the house. I wanted some more private time with my handsome new friend.

As soon as Roberto's car turned off the main street and merged onto the secluded country road, I reached over and popped the button on his jeans.

He groaned with longing, and the sound spurred me onward. I tugged his zipper down to reveal his underwear. I reached inside the easy-access flap to get at Roberto's cock. His shaft was hard, hot and ready for action.

Roberto kept his eyes focused on

the empty, moonlit road as I pulled his erection from his briefs. I swirled my tongue around his cockhead. He bucked upward, seeking entrance to my mouth as he swore softly under his breath and smacked his hands against the steering wheel.

Roberto was one of the most expressive men I'd ever met. He wasn't shy about sharing his feelings, and I loved making him lose his composure. But to be honest, that wasn't so hard to do.

I sealed my lips around the head of his cock and relaxed my jaw, then I swallowed as much of his shaft as I could. Roberto swore again, this time a little louder. His unhinged reaction filled me with some kind of twisted pride—and inspired me to keep driving him wild.

My head bobbed up and down, seemingly rising and falling in sync with the bumps and dips in the road.

Distracted, Roberto drove the car around a curve a bit faster than he should have, causing us both to shift in our seats. My body pitched forward, jamming the final inches of his dick down my throat.

He gasped loudly and worked to steady the car. He eased up on the accelerator, but my heart was still racing.

Roberto placed a hand on my head. It was a gentle, steady pressure, and I liked it. His fingers wound through my hair, tugging my locks so tightly my scalp started to tingle. He used his grip on my hair to set a new rhythm, angling my head just so as he rocked his hips.

"Almost home," he said.

I knew he meant we were almost at the farmhouse. But I considered that a challenge to make him come while we were still on the road. I wanted him to cross the finish line before he cut the ignition.

Emboldened, I flicked my tongue around Roberto's shaft, lavishing him with attention from base to tip. I was in a frenzy, licking and sucking him like a woman on a mission. Because, well, I was.

As I continued to suck his dick, I slipped my hand beneath his briefs to cup his balls. I stroked the crepe-like skin until his nuts tightened up. I kept massaging them with my palm as I nestled my fingers beneath his sac. I

rubbed him rhythmically as my head continued to bob in his lap. It was difficult to do with the limited space we had, but I persevered.

With my lips sealed tightly around his girth, I took him as deep as I could and Roberto groaned and said, "Oh God, you're good. You're so good!"

By then, the car had slowed significantly. That told me we were back on local roads and very close to home. But that didn't mean I slowed my pace. In fact, I was gearing up for a big finale.

Feeling giddy over his impending climax, I vowed to use every tool in my arsenal to make this man apocalyptic with pleasure. I curled my fingers around the base of his cock and squeezed,

**"I vowed to
use every tool in
my arsenal to
make this man
apocalyptic with
pleasure."**

gently applying pressure as I slid my fist up his shaft to meet my lips. My hand and mouth moved in tandem, diligently working together to please him—and judging from his reaction, I was succeeding.

Roberto started chanting my name and thrusting his hips upward. Even with his erratic, jerky movements, I could feel his muscular body trembling. I loved knowing I was absolutely wrecking such a big, strong guy. He was completely at my mercy.

Roberto shouted loudly as his dick twitched between my lips. His first shot of hot come hit the back of my throat, and I immediately began swallowing, not wanting to waste a single drop of his cream.

We finished up not a moment too soon. I'd just gulped down the last of

Roberto's load when he turned the car onto the private road that led back to the house. Though he'd just come, he still seemed propelled by a sense of erotic urgency. He pulled into the driveway so fast the car's wheels briefly spun in place in the gravel path. Before he even put the vehicle in park, he unlocked the doors and said, "Get in the house and get naked. I'll be there in a sec."

Sounded good to me. I hopped out of the car and dug around in my purse for the keys while I sprinted for the front door. The old deadbolt gave me trouble for a second, but I made quick work of it, gained entry to the farmhouse and instantly began to strip.

I left the door ajar for Roberto and made a beeline for the couch. The living room window looked out on the driveway, so as I shucked off the last of my clothes I was able to keep an eye on him.

I settled my bare ass down just as Roberto stepped over the threshold and closed the door. His lips lifted into a devilish grin as his eyes raked over my naked body.

That night wasn't the first time during my vacation that I was glad to be the venue's sole guest. It let us have the whole house to ourselves, and trust me, we used every room in that place.

With his pants still open and his dick exposed, Roberto crossed the room in record time, tearing off his jacket and shirt. His gaze zeroed in on my knees, which I held tightly together, and he tapped a finger against my thigh as he said, "Open up."

He didn't have to tell me twice. I scooted my ass to the very edge of the cushion and eagerly parted my legs.

"Perfect," he said with a sly smile.

There was that grin again, the one that made my stomach do somersaults.

Roberto knelt between my legs and kissed a tantalizing path along my thigh, warming my skin with his hot breath.

Impatiently, I wriggled on the couch, desperate to feel his tongue on my slit. My actions seemed to amuse him. His soft chuckle vibrated against my thigh. He licked, kissed and nibbled my other leg until I lost my ever-loving mind.

He knew how badly I wanted him. He traced his tongue along my labia, edging oh-so-close to where I really wanted him to suck. But he took his time exploring



my pussy. His tongue danced directly below my clit, but was careful not to touch it. I groaned in frustration.

Continuing to torment me, Roberto mashed his face against my cunt and wiggled his tongue inside me, making me squirm. While his tongue was busy fucking me with tiny, tempting jabs, his lips massaged my tender folds.

By then, I felt ready to burst. I was teetering on the edge. Then, finally, Roberto answered my body's call, closing his lips around my clit. The suction from his mouth grew so intense I felt like I was getting little electrical shocks of pleasure, and before long, those intense sensations pushed me over the edge. My hips bucked and my back bowed. But Roberto clutched my hips and continued to suck my clit until

my last blissful tremors subsided.

Once I'd calmed enough to catch my breath, Roberto kicked off his pants and sat next to me on the couch. His revived cock was ready for another round, and so was I.

He lifted me onto his lap as he said, "I need to fuck you."

I wrapped my arms around his neck as he took hold of my hips and guided my pussy onto his dick. My cunt was still slick from his tongue bath and my overflowing juices, so I sank onto his shaft easily.

Being on top kept me in control and allowed me to bounce on his staff in a way that gave me the most satisfaction. I definitely took advantage of the situation. I also reached a hand between my thighs and stroked my clit as I

worked his rod inside my snatch.

While his hard dick reamed my hole, I fingered myself and let my passion soar. I closed my eyes and let the feelings overwhelm me until I could no longer control myself.

I was like an untamed animal as I thrashed on his dick. When my climax hit, I fell to pieces, and Roberto took over. Digging his fingers into my ass, he jammed his cock upward, seeking his own release—and finding it.

That was one of my most memorable vacations, and an experience I hope to repeat—often. I've already booked another extended stay at the farmhouse, and Roberto promised me he'd be on duty to ensure my total satisfaction.

—A.L., Atlanta, Ga.





The Money Shot

When I found David's porn stash, it was an accident. I went to grab my sweater from his closet, and when the cardigan wasn't on its hanger, I figured it had fallen. So, I started rooting around on the floor.

My boyfriend had already left for work. But I had the key to his place, regularly coming and going as I pleased.

I liked David a whole lot. He was easy to be around, good-looking and an absolute beast in bed. But that day I

discovered he also owned a lot of porn. A lot. There were DVDs, stacks of them. Unable to squelch my curiosity, I hauled them out for a better look. They had gaudy, salacious covers.

At first I was amused. I hadn't ever watched porn in my life. But David evidently liked dirty movies. His selections had stereotypical porno titles—a lot of double entendres and smutty variations on mainstream film names.

Then I looked more closely at the covers. Eventually I noticed one particular female performer starred in

each film. I'll call her Missy, but she had an utterly ridiculous pseudonym. I rolled my eyes. Why did her fake name have to be so over the top?

Missy was often naked in the cover photos. She had ample tits, luscious curves and appeared to be a true sexual athlete. Her face, I had to admit, was rather pretty, though in every picture she wore a predatory grin that made her seem more animal than woman.

Plainly, David had collected this trove of porn because of this woman. Missy may have even been his obsession. What else could explain such a lurid interest?

I thought of popping one of the movies into David's DVD player. But that seemed almost childish. The woman wasn't a threat to me. If David wanted to indulge in fantasy, even in so specific a fantasy, he should be allowed to. I didn't want to be that girlfriend, after all. The controller. The prude. I was none of those things and didn't want to start any new habits.

But curiosity got the better of me. I put in a disc and sat back to watch my very first porn movie.

The production opened with a little exposition to explain the supposed plot. But before much of anything was established, a man with a big, hard cock was strapped to a table in a modern dungeon. A woman entered, wearing only high heels and dark glasses. It was Missy.

She moved in a slinky fashion and wore an amused yet pouty expression. Some brief dialogue ensued, but soon enough she was tormenting the man on the table, pinching his nipples and slapping his erect cock. She grinned at his every grimace.

Before long, she climbed up on the table and lowered herself onto his still hard dick. She rode him vigorously as taunting words tumbled from her lipsticked mouth. Evidently, the man was her prisoner, and there was some campy espionage intrigue involved.

The movie continued from there, with Missy in almost every scene. She did another guy, then that guy's wife, and finally at the movie's climax—Get it? The climax!—she was the centerpiece of an elaborate orgy that somehow tied up the story's very loose plot threads.

I didn't watch any more of the films. I didn't need to. But I brooded on the whole deal. It would have bothered me a lot less if David's porn collection had been more random. The Missy factor was, I had to admit, troubling me.

Maybe it was some throwback fixation. Maybe she was the first porn star he'd ever seen, and he had imprinted on her. Then to torture myself, I started to wonder if those images played in his head when we were screwing.

Nauseated, I wanted to fling the pile of DVDs out the window, but of course I didn't. I returned them to their place in the closet—all but the one I'd watched.

David was working a short shift that day and would be back soon. So I waited.

Upon his return home, he appeared surprised and glad I was still there. I held up the movie case.

"I watched this today," I said, putting forth my questions. I watched for signs of guilt or anger.

But David shrugged and simply said of the starlet, "I dated her. For almost a year. The studio gave her copies of her films and she gave lots of them to me."

He must have seen the shock on my face as he asked, "You didn't get jealous, did you?"

I blushed, and he chuckled—but not in a mean way.

"Hey, how can I make this right?" he asked gently before adding: "Wait. I've got an idea!"

He dove into that same closet and came out with a camcorder.

"Let's make our own movie!" he said, enthused.

A blunt rejection of the idea sprang to my lips, but froze there. I was jealous—of Missy's infamy, in part. But I realized if I did what he was suggesting, I'd feel I was on more of an even footing with the woman who'd been my boyfriend's lover for a year.

We went into the bedroom, and David set the camera on its tripod, aiming it at the bed. He flipped the viewfinder around so we could see what the camera saw.

"Get on the bed," he instructed. "Say anything you want."

I undressed and lay down. I was acutely aware of the camera. It made

"So," I said, "you think I'll talk just because I'm taking you to bed?" I was mimicking the arch dialogue from Missy's porn spy movie but creating my own story on the fly.

David instinctively assumed the role of a dashing counteragent. He started to undress, and I let myself visibly respond to the sight of his muscular body. When his hardening cock sprang into view, I gasped. But my reaction wasn't fake.

He came onto the bed, and we immediately fell into each other's arms. Our mouths came together. I improvised a little resistance at first, but he "overcame" me. Soon our tongues were tangling as we rolled around on the mattress.

All the while, the camera watched us. That day I'd seen my first porn movie. Incredibly, hours later I was in one! Though not really, of course. David would never show the recording to anyone. Yet the presence of that lens changed the atmosphere in the room. I kept sneaking looks at our naked bodies in the viewfinder.

We looked hot!

David kissed my throat before moving further down so his lips could caress the upper swells of my breasts. I heaved my chest, and he shifted his mouth to my aroused nipples. He sucked and nibbled the sensitive buds, and I made exaggerated moaning sounds, porn star-style.

He kept his due south course. I spread my legs, knowing the camera was seeing my exposed pussy, gleaming

"I swirled my tongue over his cockhead, making sure the camera could see."

me nervous. But there was some other feeling beneath that, which stirred seductively inside me.

David stepped into the frame, and I saw him on the viewfinder.

with ready wetness. It was a vulnerable feeling, but also exciting. Even if nobody ever saw our movie, the fact that we were making a recording seemed wonderfully wicked.

Maybe David and I could watch ourselves later, I excitedly thought.

My boyfriend slid down between my outspread thighs. I saw that he, too, was sneaking covert looks at the camera. I hoped the experience was turning him on as intensely as it was me.

He kissed my inner thighs, which sent ticklish thrills through me. Then his mouth moved to the main event. His breath warmed my slick pussy lips when he lowered his head. His tongue slithered up and down my slit, and a bolt of pure pleasure rocked me. David always gave good head, but the voyeuristic presence of the camera added to the experience.

His tongue focused on my clit. As he stroked and licked my lively bud, I moaned some more. My reactions weren't exaggerations because my pleasure was fierce.

I reached for his shoulders, but my hands slid off into his hair. I took a fistful of it and humped hard against his face. David tongued me mercilessly. I attempted to utter more corny dialogue, even as my climax hit me with amazing force.

David came up for air, his chin and mouth wet with my juice. I pushed him onto his back and seized his cock.

Without further chatter, I lowered my mouth onto him. I swirled my tongue over his cockhead, making sure the camera could see us.

I dropped my lips down his sturdy shaft, and he groaned. I wriggled my tongue busily up and down his staff, even though the camera couldn't capture that part. But I figured it was what my character would do.

Was I taking our impromptu movie seriously? Maybe a little. It was fun. My nervousness had melted away, and I wanted the camcorder to catch every detail. I wanted it to see my face stuffed with cock as I pleased my man.

I sucked David down to his balls with every plunge of my mouth. Never breaking the seal of my lips, I kept a steady suction going as he started thrusting up into my mouth.

I pulled back before he could shoot. A proper fuck scene needed proper fucking, I told myself. Grinning, I lay back, and David moved hurriedly on top of me. He shifted slightly, so the lens would have a clear view of the penetration. I appreciated that he, too, seemed to be taking our activity seriously.

He brought his cockhead to my cleft,

then stroked inside my pussy. He thrust at a steady rhythm, never rushing.

I basked in my mounting joy, and my earlier jealousy now seemed ridiculous. I didn't want to be Missy. I didn't need to be.

David picked up speed, and I matched his thrusts, lifting my ass off the bed so he could impale me fully. A climactic wave swept me up and carried me away, and David was right behind me.

But my cunning boyfriend had the presence of mind to pull out at the last possible second and spray a huge load of cream all over my tits and face.

After all, our movie needed its money shot.

And I felt like a shining star.

—M.L., Seattle, Wash.

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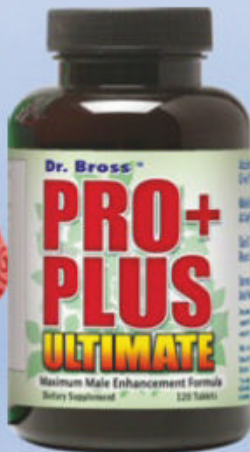
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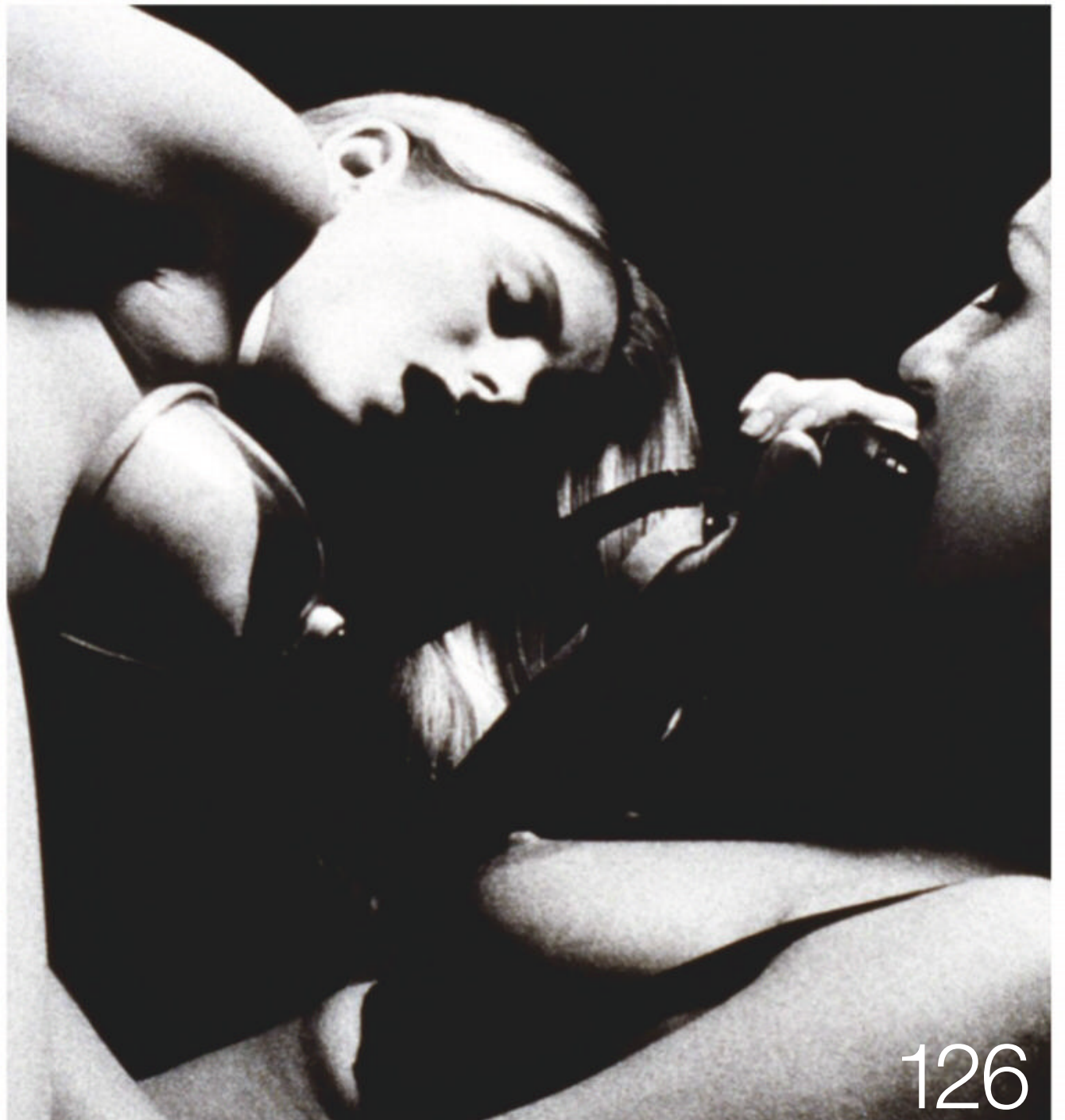
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Silken Submission

Until recently, I'd never surrendered to a true master, even though I've always had a taste for being tied up during sex.

I met Henry through a mutual friend who knew about my predilection for ceding control. He and I clicked right away, and I felt compelled to trust him when he vowed to be patient with me. With Henry as my guide, I committed to learning how to truly submit.

During our scenes, he expected to be addressed as Master or Sir. He was never to be called Henry during our playtime.

Most of our early encounters involved him tying up either my hands or my feet. He didn't fully bind me to keep me from feeling overwhelmed.

But that changed after we'd grown truly comfortable with each other, and I fully assumed my role as his sub. We'd reached an understanding, which meant it was time for me to completely relinquish control.

Before introducing me to leather cuffs and spreader bars, my master allowed me to get my feet wet using common household items. Rope, cable ties and even bathrobe sashes all made appearances during our play.

But the silk scarves he keeps tucked away in his bedroom to this day are my favorites, probably because that's what he used the first time he tied my hands and feet to his four-poster bed at the same time. I still remember the sly smile he wore when he lifted the fistful of silky

scarves out of the drawer that night.

"Lay on your back in the center of the bed, and spread your arms and legs," he told me.

"Yes, Sir," I answered as I scurried to the bed. I hopped onto the mattress and scooted to the center, then I flopped on my back and stretched each of my limbs toward the corners of the bed.

Master walked to the top right corner first. I heard the hiss of silky fabric rubbing against the metal bed frame, then I felt his fingers tap my own. He wound the scarf around my wrist, tying it tight enough to remain secure without the fabric biting into my flesh.

Next, he walked around the bed to secure my other arm. This time, he anchored the scarf with a bit less give

than the last, after making certain my arms were comfortably spaced.

Finally, he headed to my feet. First, he circled my ankles with his fingers, pulling me down until the scarves mooring my arms were taut. Then he secured my right leg to one side of the footboard and my left to the other.

I lifted my arms and my legs, testing my restraints. But they held strong, just as I suspected they would.

"Checking my handiwork? I assure you, my knots are second to none," he teased.

I sought to reassure him, not wanting to offend, and said, "I like to remind myself you're my master and I'm totally under your control."

"Is that what you were doing?" he asked. "Well, in that case I approve."

He knelt on the bed beside me, holding a lit candle as he said: "This is a lotion candle. I'm going to use it to pour warm lotion on your breasts and belly so I can slide my hands over your skin. Does that sound good?"

I nodded eagerly and said, "Yes, Sir."

He hadn't even touched me yet, and I already felt moisture building between my thighs. Since I couldn't close my legs, my damp sex was especially susceptible to the cool air in the room. The temperature seemed to accentuate the steady pulse already pounding in my pussy. I was keenly aware I was tied up and unable to do a thing about it.

"I'd like to blindfold you, but I want you to see the flame dance when I tilt the candle and dribble the lotion all over you."

The mere suggestion made my breath catch and my pussy clench. I longed to feel his hands massaging my body.

True to his word, my wicked master made sure the flame was within my sight when he poured the molten lotion over my chest. Hot liquid dripped down my tits and onto my belly, warming my skin along the way. I yelped when some dropped directly on my nipple, shocked by the sudden burst of heat.

"Oh, did that sting?"

"Yes, Sir," I gasped.

"I know just how to fix it," he said as he laid his thumb on top of my aching nipple and gently massaged the warm lotion into my flesh.

The slippery liquid allowed his hand to slide easily over my breast. He cradled

its weight in his palm, squeezing lightly while his thumb continued to stroke my nipple. The sensation was very soothing, and my eyes fluttered closed as I basked in the experience.

Seconds later, my eyes flew open as I felt a familiar sting on my other nipple, and I twisted in my restraints.

I craned my neck and spotted my master near his dresser. When he came back to my side, the candle was gone. He held up his empty hands to show me he held nothing.

"Two hands are better than one for my next task," he announced.

He placed his palms on my breasts, covering them completely, and using large, sweeping motions he massaged

**"I felt the
tug of the
bonds holding
my feet, and
the sensation
made my
pussy gush."**

my tits. He spread his fingers and captured my nipples between them. He opened and closed his digits to deliver little pinches of pain. The sharp sensations felt like tiny sparks of electricity that shot down my spine. I squirmed and my back bowed as much as my bonds would allow.

My master responded by pinching me even harder, a counter move that resonated in my clit. If I hadn't been bound, I would have squeezed my thighs together to savor the feeling, but I couldn't. My legs merely quivered and twitched as I tugged at the scarves.

"Easy there," he said as he released my breasts and soothed me with gentle strokes of his fingers. Then he skimmed his hands over my shoulders and up my arms, effectively pinning me to the mattress. He hovered above me and

lowered his lips so they brushed mine as he chided, "These restraints are in place for your pleasure and mine. Trust me to make you feel incredible. Now if I get up, will you be a good girl and stop pulling at the scarves?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied.

Happy with my answer, he let go of me and settled himself above me with his legs straddling my hips as he said, "That's what I like to hear."

Sitting upright, he rubbed his hands together, warming his palms before resting them on my belly. Although the lotion he'd drizzled on earlier had cooled, the buttery liquid still spread easily over my skin. He used its slickness to skate from my belly to my breasts, gently applying pressure as he swooped around my every curve.

Fighting the urge to arch off the bed, I tugged my lower lip between my teeth. It was true that staying still increased the intensity of my arousal. But it also meant I was desperate for him to show me some mercy and lavish my pussy with attention.

Is it possible for a master to read his sub's mind? Because mine seemed to do exactly that. He shimmied down my body, not stopping until his mouth rested on my mound.

"Can you keep your hips still?"

I nodded. I had to. That was the moment I'd been waiting for. My body positively ached for my master to eat my pussy.

"Very good."

His head dipped between my thighs as he immediately set out to test my resolve. Without preamble, he flicked his tongue against my clit softly, making me purr. Those gentle licks slowly stoked my desire, gradually taking it higher and higher as he increased his pressure and speed.

His tongue traveled a maddening path. Just when it seemed I was close to losing it, he'd dive down and dip between my folds to scoop up my juices and keep my climax at bay. Then he'd return to my sensitive clit to torment it anew.

His pattern of tease and denial continued. While I didn't tug at my bonds, I was a quivering wreck.

Then Master finally rewarded me by pressing the flat of his tongue against my clit. He massaged my sensitive bud sweetly, slowly swirling his tongue over



it. His gentle method triggered one of the most intense orgasms of my life. Thrilling waves of pleasure washed over me as he sucked my clit between his lips and hummed a little song. The sound made his lips buzz against me like one of my favorite sex toys, and I moaned in delight.

For a second, I thought I might break my promise not to move my hips. My orgasm was hitting my body hard. It was becoming increasingly difficult to obey his wishes in the face of such extreme pleasure.

Fortunately, my master saved me from

that particular conundrum. He crawled back up my body and nestled his erection between my thighs. He reached between our bodies and directed the tip of his dick to my slit. The anticipation was killing me, but I patiently waited and was amply rewarded as he slid his cock inside me.

"Oh fuck, yes," he groaned.

My master rested his elbows on either side of me, propping up his body so he could better piston his dick in and out of my pussy. He slammed into me so hard and fast he made my body lurch. Every time he rammed into me and made me jump, I felt the tug of the bonds holding

my feet, and the sensation made my pussy gush.

My pussy grew impossibly tight as I was hit by another wave of orgasmic pleasure, and my master followed close behind. He pumped me full of come, then he rolled to the side and absentmindedly stroked my body, leaving me all trussed up until we'd both recovered.

Since that night, we've experienced other scenarios that have left me at his mercy. But that first time will always hold a special place in my heart.

—Name and address withheld





Setting the Table

“She was hovering above my face. Her pussy was right there, so close but out of reach.”

When Alice ordered me to meet her in our dining room at a very specific time that night, I knew she had something up her sleeve. On nights like that, I usually arrive already semi-aroused because she clearly wants to play. And her form of play typically has me at her mercy.

I entered the room, noting the absolute silence and how she'd cleared off the sturdy wooden table in the middle of the room. Oh yeah, she was definitely up to something.

I'd been working overtime for a big project. It was mandatory, but Alice didn't want excuses. She missed me coming home to her on time at night. She missed our frequent intimacy that had waned due to my office responsibilities. So there would be a price to pay, and I was more than willing to ante up.

My beautiful wife was standing in the far corner of the room and demanded of me, “Strip!”

Even as the words exited her mouth, she was unbuttoning her blouse. Beneath it, she wore one of my plain white undershirts. No bra. I could see the brazen blush of her areolas through the tank's worn fabric. My hard cock got slightly harder at the sight of her perky tits poking against the ribbed cotton.

“I've missed you, Alice,” I said. I truly had, but I also missed the fucking—and the



other kinky stuff that was about to happen between us.

For people like us who fucked more days than not, going a week without getting busy was a very long time.

"I don't know if I believe you," she said with a pout.

When I was bare-assed naked she told me to get on the table. I'd already suspected that would be the case, and I followed her command.

Alice ran a single finger along my belly, and I felt my muscles gallop. She continued to tease me, dragging that same fingertip along the length of my straining cock.

She whispered, "Put your arms up," and I did.

She turned her back to me, and I watched her beautiful bottom as she walked to an open drawer in the breakfront. She found what she wanted—long lengths of cotton clothesline—and returned to secure one of my wrists to the table leg. She whistled as she worked, moving on to the other arm and tying it down just as firmly. I only had enough play to raise my hands about an inch or so off the table.

My cock felt achingly hard.

She leaned over and dragged her tongue along my belly, making me quiver.

When she stood, she licked her lips and announced, "Salty."

She kissed the tip of my cock chastely, and then headed down to my ankles. Her long dark hair fell around her face as she tied each of them down. I wanted to touch her hair. Her skin. Her mouth. I wanted to reach out, grab her and pull her to me, so I could bury my cock in her dripping cunt.

But clearly, I wasn't in charge at the moment, so I'd have to play by Alice's rules.

When she'd decided I was sufficiently immobile, she hopped up onto the table and straddled me. She settled her scorching pussy against my belly, just above my jutting erection.

So close, and yet so far.

"Alice, please," I said, knowing my words were a waste of breath. Alice would give in to me only when she was ready.

That was the way it was. The way it had always been.

My body ached to fuck her—and to be fucked by her.

She leaned over me, her mouth a centimeter from mine. I craned my neck, and she moved back.

“No, no, no. You don’t get to kiss me. I’ve hardly seen you all week.”

As she spoke, she rocked her hips from side to side, grinding her hot pussy against my skin. My cock strained, and my breath caught.

“Aww, you look so sad,” she teased.

Alice leaned down and pressed her lips to mine. I bucked. I strained. I met her thrusting tongue with my own before she drew away again.

She moved her pussy so it rested against my erection, pinning it to my body. The slick heat of her cunt stole my breath.

I found myself muttering, “Please, please, Alice. Please!”

She pressed her breasts against my chest, grinding her pussy against my prick.

“You want to touch me, don’t you?”

“Yes, yes, I do.”

“Well, you can’t,” she said matter-of-factly with a bratty hint of righteousness.

She writhed above me, her body serpentine and seductive. She lowered one of her breasts to my lips. I lapped at her nipple and sucked it greedily when she pushed it past my lips.

She drew back again, turned her exquisite body, grabbed my cock and gave me a few strokes. I felt her run her thumb across the tip of my dick.

“Mmm,” she murmured.

She was moving again, and I tried to track her. Before I could catch my breath, she was hovering above my face. Her pussy was right there, so close but out of reach. I could smell her musky arousal and see the flushed pink of her sex.

I craned my neck again but found she was just a hair too far away.

“I want your mouth on my pussy,” she said. “I’m going to sit on your face. Eat me. Make me forgive you.”

Then she sank onto my face, and I eagerly lapped at her. I licked and sucked at her hard little clit. I suckled her, making her thighs tremble on either side of my head. I felt her trying to hold off, trying to remain in control, but the pleasure won out and she gave in.

Alice came with a shout, her body bucking. Her cunt mashed against

my face so forcefully I briefly couldn’t breathe. When she pulled away and leaned down for a kiss, she slid her tongue across my lips and doubtlessly tasted herself on my lips.

She stared into my eyes and said, “Gosh, I wish you could grab my hips and pull me down against you while we fucked. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

I could only nod.

“And I’d like it, too,” she whispered. “I like it when you hold on to me while we screw.”

She licked my mouth again, and then sucked on my lower lip. My cock twitched in desperation.

She continued to coo and talk to me as she straddled my hips once more and directed my cockhead to her pussy. She sank down on me slowly, keeping her eyes locked on mine. My head felt buzzy and light, and I suddenly realized I’d been holding my breath. I let it out and sucked in air as she slammed herself onto my body and buried my cock in her snatch.

She rested her hands on my shoulders and began to ride me in earnest. She moved her hips rhythmically, jamming me deep inside and barely withdrawing my shaft. Her mouth fell open, and her eyes slammed shut. She was locked in on her own pleasure, and she moved as if under a spell.

I drove up from beneath her, knowing she was too far gone to care. I groaned as she squeezed her cunt around me and writhed passionately. I strained against the clothesline, but her knots were tight and held me fast.

But this was my penance, my mind said. I fought the ropes, but not too hard. I tossed and turned and watched her passions play upon her face as her molten cunt spasmed around my dick.

She came, her body bucking and then settling heavily atop me. She kept jerking her hips as she rode out the last tremors of her climax. Every spasm squeezed me, and every movement banged my pubic bone against her clit. She growled in my ear, sounding animalistic.

Then she sat back, pressed her hands against my belly and needlessly asked, “Would you like to come, now?”

I nodded, knowing damn well she wouldn’t make it easy on me. Not at all.

She pressed a kiss to my stomach, and the muscles there quivered. She

dragged her rigid tongue down the length of my cock. She took my shaft into her mouth, sucking it like a lollipop. She swallowed me deep as she inhaled through her nose. Being buried in her throat was heavenly.

Then she whisked her mouth away and freed my right hand.

“You know,” she said, “that felt so good, when you ate my pussy. I think I want you to do that again. But you can jerk off while you do it this time. See? I can be nice.”

I groaned as she settled herself onto my face. I took my cock in hand and began a furious rhythm of strokes. I sucked her clit and lapped at her slippery sex. She was drenched from coming, and I felt my face grow wetter with every additional flick of my tongue.

Alice wasn’t shy about riding my face. She pressed down on me, almost enough to cut off my air—but not quite.

She rocked against me, facing my cock and watching me jerk off. My hand trembled and my bicep felt like it was on fire, but I kept going. I was so close, and I wanted to come. And I was so ready to let go.

I focused on the hard nub of her clit, sucking and flicking it until she made the noise that told me she was nearing orgasm.

She was breathless and restless, and I kept up the work of my lips and tongue. Before long, she climaxed. Her body trembled atop mine, and another wave of wetness slickened my face.

And that was it for me. A few more fast strokes and I was coming, coating my hand with cream and not stopping until the very last burst of bliss had passed.

After Alice slipped off me and started to untie the rest of my limbs, she said, “See what you’ve been missing while you’re at work?”

That’s when I knew my late nights at the office were over—for good.

—E.W., Chicago, Ill.

Does being bound set you free? Or do you like to be the one who holds the key to the cuffs? Share your kinks with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





Cheap Frills

A girlfriend's tempting panties become the gateway to a whole new way of life for a kinky-minded man.

By Joel Lutz

My domestic arrangement with Wendy was working out great. We were living together as boyfriend and girlfriend, and there had been no disasters. We got along well, and the sex was fantastic. Overall, I really couldn't complain.

We shared all of the household chores, and that day it was my turn to do the laundry. I sorted our clothes before taking them out to the washer in the garage—our garage. Wendy liked her delicates done in the gentle cycle. I was happy to accommodate, especially considering how sexy she looked in her racy, frilly underthings.

As I pulled out the fourth or fifth pair of silky panties, I realized I had a major hard-on happening. Had I been fantasizing half-consciously about Wendy? No. Then what was the sudden turn-on about?

I held the black panties. They were sheer and trimmed with red lace. There was a little decorative bow at the front. Fuck, Wendy looked so hot when she wore them! In my mind I could see her in nothing but those undies, slinking toward me with a sultry smile on her face—tits bare and legs scissoring as she walked.

Wendy wouldn't be home until after work later in the evening. I happened to have the day off, and I didn't think I could wait until her return to get relief.

I undid my jeans and drew out my cock, which throbbed in my hand. On impulse I decided to strip, shucking off everything. Once I was naked, I felt my pulse quicken as lustful urges coursed through my body.

I closed my eyes, wrapped my fist around my meat and conjured up more erotic images of Wendy. I had a whole mental catalogue.

But I realized my arousal wasn't entirely about her. I opened my eyes and picked up the black panties again. Did I want to jerk off on them? Hell, yes.

I didn't figure it would do any harm. They were going in the wash anyway.

Yet that wasn't quite right either. I tried to unpack the strange urges I was feeling. I rubbed the silken fabric between my fingers, sending a skittering thrill through me. I gazed at the black and red fabric, taking in the implacable femininity of the garment.

It was a provocative piece of cloth, meant to stimulate, to arouse naughty impulses. Wendy loved wearing this stuff. She always said it made her feel alluring, like she was an irresistible sexual being.

In that moment, for some reason, I deeply envied her that state of being. To be able to simply wear something and feel that way.

Well, why couldn't I wear them?

The thought was powerful, exotic, alien and tantalizing, all at once. I was stunned



that such a notion could occur to me, coming out of nowhere. Never before in my life had I considered doing such a thing.

My excitement redoubled. Pre-come oozed from my cockhead as desires potent and new took hold of me. In a kind of trance, I found myself stepping into my girlfriend's panties and drawing them slowly up my legs.

The fabric whispered sensuously on my skin. I slid the panties up my thighs. They would never contain my hard cock, but I pulled them up all the way. The band of red lace cut across my shaft about halfway up. The silk cradled my balls.

My breath came in short pants. I had to see. Had to see!

I turned toward the full-length mirror on the closet door and gasped out loud. My swollen cockhead nearly reached my belly button. My reflection was naked, but for the black lacy triangle. It was so sheer my cock and balls were visible.

This was a woman's undergarment, but a man was wearing it. I was that man. The fact flipped some unknown switch in my skull. My whole body trembled. Excitement took me and shook me, and before I knew it I had my fist around my meat again.

I jerked once, twice, a half time more, and my come went flying. The hot splats hit the floor and the mirror, frosting the image of the man in the girly panties with spurts of jizz. I shouted as I came; my orgasm was incredibly powerful.

Afterward, I felt a confusing mix of guilt and elation. A part of me knew I had discovered something important about myself, but another part wanted to pretend it had never happened.

Bewildered, I did the laundry. When Wendy got home that evening, I said nothing about what had occurred in her absence.

But I couldn't shake the memory of the experience. The genie was out of the bottle, as it were. I felt the ghost-whispers of the silk on my skin. I imagined myself dressed in the lacy undies, and my cock twitched and twinged with excitement.

How could I resist doing it again?

I did fight it, but the impulses refused to leave me alone. I held out until the next laundry day. I actually volunteered

to do the wash, even though it wasn't my turn. When Wendy was gone, I started sorting through her delicate undergarments.

It was like being in a waking daze. I handled the silky bits of underwear like they were priceless parchments. I appreciated every frill and dainty stitch.

With my cock throbbing in my pants, I stripped. I choose a pair from Wendy's collection, a pair that was white and snug. This time I took a long, rapturous look at myself in the mirror. I turned around and saw how the gauzy fabric cupped my ass.

God, I looked so fucking pretty! So sexy!

The panties, of course, couldn't contain my rampant cock. I left it standing up out of the lacy waistband. But instead of jerking off, I snatched up the sheer white bra that went with the undies. Before I could talk myself out of it, I'd put it on. I had unhooked this same bra often enough. Now I did up the little catch behind my own back.

I stood panting, gazing at my reflection. Even before I took my cock in hand to make myself come, I knew I would be doing more of this. I couldn't help it. I was hooked on wearing my girlfriend's lingerie.

In the weeks that followed, I played dress-up every chance I got. To my ensembles I added sheer stockings, which caressed my legs in ways that made my balls hum.

One afternoon, I made the bold leap and put on a garter belt. After I attached the garters to the matching stockings, I saw to my absolute delight that I looked like a whore!

By this stage any negativity I'd previously felt had vanished. I knew dressing in lingerie made me happy. It fulfilled something deep inside me. I was going to keep doing it.

But I realized I was going to have to tell Wendy. It wasn't fair to keep this from the woman I lived with.

One evening as we streaming something on TV, I turned to her and blurted out: "Babe, I've been wearing your underwear, and I've been doing it because it excites the hell out of me."

I braced myself, knowing her response could be anything. She'd be justified if she were upset with me.

Instead, she let out a long sigh of relief.

"Finally." She grinned. "Come on, Joel. Don't you think I've noticed how stretched out my lingerie has gotten lately. There was only one explanation. I'm so glad you told me."

She kissed me, and that kiss suddenly turned serious. I also felt a huge wave of relief, and somehow it all came out as our tongues tangled and we started making out there on the couch. We groped each other, then our clothes went flying so we could get down to real business.

Wendy, panting, put a stopping hand to my chest and said, "I want to see you dressed up."

I froze a moment. Was I ready for that? But the idea had already seized me, and excitement shivered all through my being.

We went to the bedroom. Wendy picked out the items: red stockings, black garters and garter belt, lacy red and black panties, and a sheer red camisole.

Her eyes were as wide as saucers as she beheld the finished product. Lust like I'd never seen before shone on her face.

I started to try to speak, but I couldn't find the words. So she found them for me.

"You just feel right dressed like this, don't you? And you look so goddamn sexy. Get on this bed with me, and fuck my brains out!"

I proceeded to do just that. I climbed on her and slotted my achingly hard cock into her wet, waiting hole. Her pussy clasped me fiercely, and her arms locked around my neck. I pounded her, slamming home with every plunge.

When she came, she practically howled into my ear. Then I flipped her over and fucked her from behind as her dirty talk propelled me closer to my orgasm.

Wendy understood; she got the whole thing. When I finally shot my come deep into her, she jerked like someone being zapped with electricity.

Afterward, in our beatific afterglow, I asked, "Why are you so OK with this?"

She smirked and said, "You're not the first guy I've known who liked my lingerie a little too much. I had a life before I met

you, you know. There's a whole scene out there, Joel, just waiting for you—if you're interested."

Oh, I was interested. I was very fucking interested.

Wendy apparently knew a whole slew of people who shared a variety of lifestyles. I was introduced to this circle socially with Wendy as my guide—and everyone immediately welcomed me. There were cross-dressers, as well as plenty of gay, bi and trans folk. Sometimes it was hard keeping track of who was who, gender-wise. But that was part of the fun for me.

The first time I went to a party dressed up, it was scary. I wasn't just wearing the properly fitting lingerie Wendy had helped me acquire. I wore

"I found myself stepping into my girlfriend's panties and drawing them slowly up my legs."

a dress and makeup, and had also gotten myself a pair of high heels. Wendy had coached me in how to walk in them. I felt utterly alive and completely turned on.

I got so many compliments at that party I couldn't remember them all. I was amazed at how embracing these people were.

One person of indeterminate gender, who called themselves Kit, grinned at me and said in a sultry purr to Wendy, "Darling, you should take this scrumptious thing of yours to the club. That top prize is just waiting for you!"

The rest of the party was a whirl of fun and gaiety. When we got home later, I was elated. Naturally, Wendy and I screwed like crazed monkeys—with me still wearing my lingerie, of course.

Afterward, I asked, "What club was Kit talking about?"

"It's this completely wild sex party. Once a month people put on performances—whatever they might like—onstage. The dirtier the better. The best show wins \$500. Are you ready to be exposed like that?"

It was another of those ideas that simply seized me as my imagination roared to life. I thought of the many possibilities. But mainly I pictured myself, in my lovely whorish lingerie, standing up there in front of an audience. I shivered at the indecent idea.

I kissed the top of Wendy's head as she nuzzled against me. Then I asked, "Would you perform with me?"

"I'd do anything with you."

It didn't take long for us to work out our sex-filled routine. Wendy and I had both done some theater in college and planned to incorporate plenty of dramatic flair in our performance.

Adding to the thrill, we'd both be out there with our parts exposed to a bunch of strangers. That was going to require some guts. But the idea was so exciting to me, and Wendy got swept up in my exhilaration.

The club was downtown, tucked in among old warehouses. You had to know someone to get in, and Wendy still knew several people involved in running the place.

Inside, I saw the big stage, with spotlights pouring down on it. A large audience watched and cheered. The place felt like a carnival or a cabaret.

Then I got a clear look at what was happening on the stage. A woman in dominatrix gear was alternately paddling the bare pink asses of two turned-on men as music pounded on the house system.

I was already dressed for our act, and so was Wendy, who immediately signed us up for the contest. We moved through the crowd, heading for the backstage area. Breathlessly I thought: *Soon these people are going to be watching us, watching me in my silken underthings.*

Gooseflesh sprang up everywhere on my body, and my cock was growing achingly hard.

As we waited in the wings, Wendy



took my hand and whispered, “Knock ‘em dead, slut. I love you.”

Her words warmed me. There were real feelings between her and me, as well as an incredible amount of understanding. I couldn’t have had a better girlfriend.

The previous act got a rousing cheer as they finished. The MC announced us, and anticipatory applause broke out. We waited through those final nervous seconds, then it was showtime.

We’d picked out some old-fashioned stripper music, with a lot of sassy brass horns. I went out first, slinking in my high heels and snug dress. Wendy came on and sat in a chair. She was dressed in exaggeratedly male apparel, with a fake mustache to boot.

I started dancing for her. I played it like it was a private striptease for a single client. Listening anxiously for the initial audience reaction, I hoped they would get it. I didn’t care about the prize money. I was unleashing my wild side—in public, no less.

After I’d gyrated and spun for Wendy for a bit, I reached for the zipper of my dress. As I undid it and shrugged the garment off my bare shoulders, the crowd started hooting. I shimmied it down to my hips and then clear to the floor, prompting catcalls to ring out from the audience.

Underneath the dress I wore my finest frilly undergarments: stockings, panties, garters, garter belt and camisole.

I was also sporting a blatantly obvious hard-on. I wasn’t exactly pretending to be a woman. More, I was presenting myself as a man fearlessly dressed like a sexy woman.

The cheers grew louder, and my cock grew bigger. When my swollen cockhead poked up out of the red panties, my fans went crazy.

Wendy meanwhile sat in her chair and ogled me. She began to rub herself through her pants, like a man rubbing his erect cock. I think that earned her some cheers, too.

My dancing got progressively wilder, and I threw every provocative move I knew at Wendy. She rubbed herself harder, and it wasn’t an act. I saw real excitement glittering in her eyes.

The music continued to play. At a

certain cue, I tore the silk panties off myself. Impetuously, I tossed them into the crowd and saw people grabbing eagerly for them, which made me feel good.

My erect cock now bobbed before me, exposed to everyone in sight.

I moved toward Wendy. She leaned forward on the chair with a hungry look on her face. I presented my hard cock to her mouth, just beneath that phony mustache.

She swirled her tongue over my cockhead, and the whole big room seemed to gasp. Then she took more of me into her mouth, effortlessly swallowing me down to my balls, which were just as exposed as my cock.

**“The hot splats
hit the floor
and the mirror,
frosting the
image of the man
in the girly
panties.”**

I stood there in high heels, stockings and all the rest, and let my glorious girlfriend suck my dick in front of a sea of strangers. The pleasure was intense, and I had to hold back to keep from blowing my load down her throat immediately. We needed that money shot for our finale.

Finally, I stepped back. A string of spit connected my cockhead to Wendy’s wet lips for a few seconds. It shimmered in the multiple spotlights before breaking. I felt the heat of those lights. I also felt the pressing of so many eyes on my body. The feeling was thrilling, delicious and still a little frightening.

But I was so caught up in the moment. It was easily the most intensely

erotic episode of my entire life.

I wouldn’t have thought I’d enjoy exhibitionism so much. Then again, just a relatively short time ago I’d had no idea about my fetish for women’s lingerie. I was so grateful I’d found that out about myself.

That person, there, on that stage in frilly girly underwear, was my authentic self.

Wendy rose from the chair and unbuttoned her mannish pants. She shoved them down to her knees, turned around and knelt on the seat. She thrust that bare, beautiful ass out behind her, and cheers of appreciation commenced.

I moved in behind her. Her pussy gleamed with wetness. Nothing we were doing up there was fake. I felt sure the crowd understood that.

I set my cockhead to her slick pussy. For a timeless moment the world froze, hanging in a beautiful moment of anticipation. Then I slammed home, bottoming out as I jammed my cock to her innermost place. Raucous roars filled the venue, and people stomped the floor to show their approval.


It had been a struggle to begin slow. But I’d wanted this thing to build right, to give the folks their money’s worth. Taking a deep breath, I stroked into her at a steady rhythm. I buried myself all the way, every time, feeling her slick grip around my shaft.

I put on a little more speed, then more after that. I sank my fingers into the swells of her luscious ass. I pounded her rhythmically, and the audience started to clap in time to our movements.

Then an organized chant sounded from the crowd: “Come! Come! Come!”

I felt Wendy responding to the demand. She shuddered in her familiar manner, her orgasmic cry drowned out by the voices of others.

Then it was time for me. I pulled out and gave my dick a couple of pumps with my hand. That set my cream flying as pleasure tore me up, down and sideways. Pearly ropes of spunk erupted from me and spewed across Wendy’s ass. The spotlights caught every spurt, and the crowd raised the roof.

So who won the 500 bucks that night? Take a guess. 

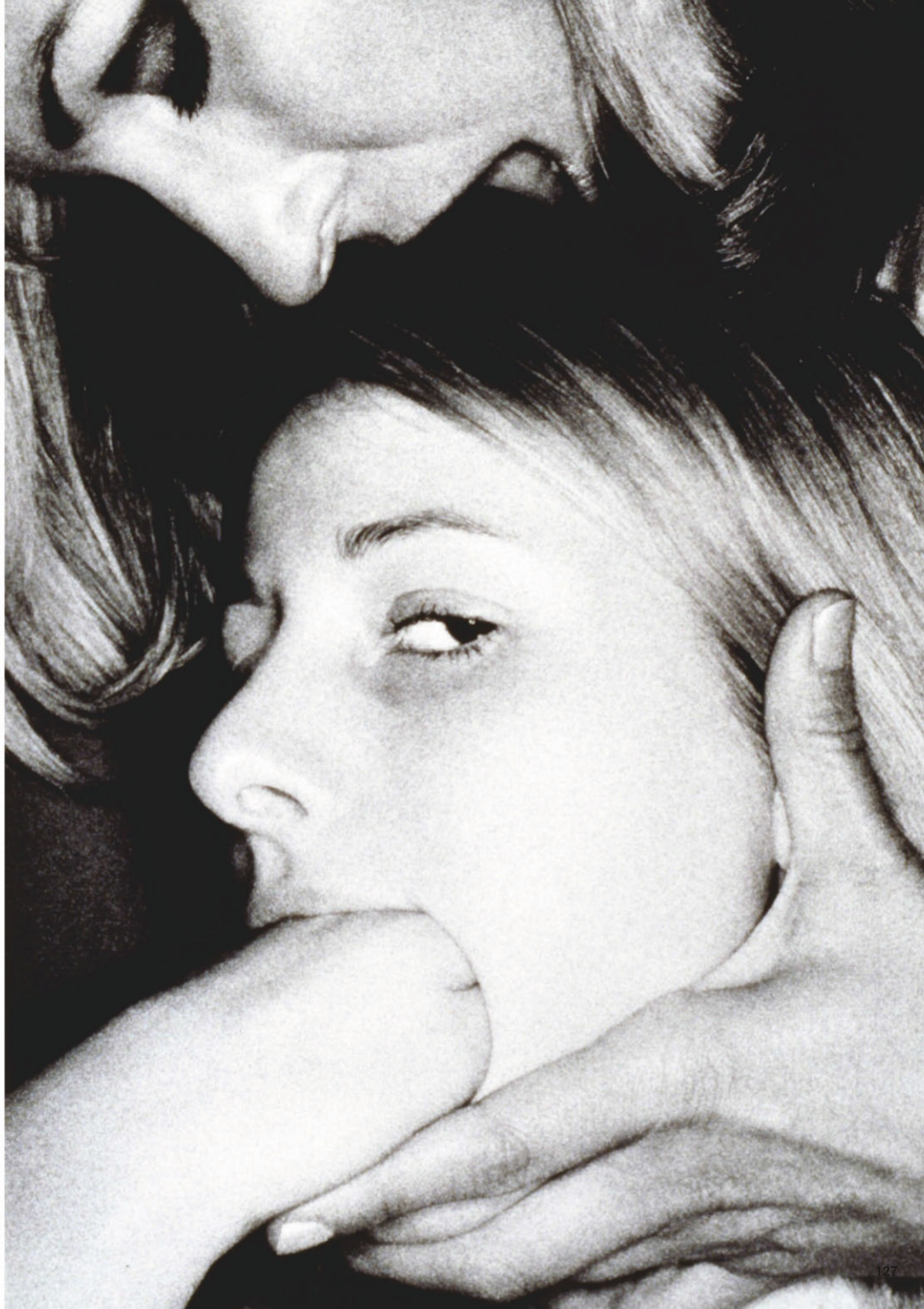




Breathless

SAVANNA HUNGERS FOR
ANGELA'S KINKY LOVE.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Tony Ward











“ONE TASTE IS NEVER
ENOUGH FOR ME.”
—SAVANNA







Heart and Sole

My wife, Amanda, has always had a dominant streak. Since we were married five years ago, she's lost no opportunity to make it clear who's on top in our relationship. It's become almost a joke between us. But you won't find any bondage equipment hidden in our bedroom or any corsets or thigh-high leather boots in Amanda's closets. My wife makes a point of dressing beautifully, but very conservatively, and her style of domination is similarly subtle.

Our arrangement suits me just fine as my high-profile job makes a certain level of discretion desirable. If my clients or partners happen to spot us out together, they don't see a mistress and her slave. All they see is me opening doors for an elegant, well turned-out woman.

Amanda is very striking—tall and curvy, with strong features and auburn hair. She walks like a queen, so there's no question she's strong as well as beautiful. Most people sense a certain something between us, but those same people probably aren't

overly familiar with terms like domination or submission.

Amanda is especially particular where her footwear is concerned. She favors handmade pumps of the finest Italian leather, which seem to have been shaped to her slender, elegant feet by some painstaking process. Even her bedroom slippers are of the very best quality.

As a footman of many years' standing, I appreciate this. But as much as I love my wife's shoes, I get a particular thrill from seeing her in stocking feet or totally bare.

When Amanda comes home after a long day at work, I'm expected to attend her, kneeling and removing her shoes with gentle hands. To me her naked feet are a symphony of colors and scents. I study the bands of dark pink left behind by her shoes, admiring how the marks contrast with her creamy white flesh.

If she's in a good mood, she'll grant me a brief stroke of her toes against my lips before she goes padding off to the couch to enjoy the drink I've prepared for her. If she's feeling

particularly indulgent, she'll sit with her feet positioned so her heavenly soles are visible.

Honestly, once her shoes are off I can rarely suppress the urge to touch her feet. Almost as though they have a mind of their own, my hands will naturally begin to massage her the moment she's sitting still.

Like most women, dominant or not, Amanda loves a good foot rub. At the first touch of my hands, she immediately leans back with her eyes shut, looking blissful.

One night as we were engaged in this most mutually pleasurable activity, Amanda impulsively slipped her foot from my hands and pressed it between my legs, caressing my aching dick through my pants.

"You're hard," she observed, walking her toes up and down the stiff length of my dick. She was right, of course. The very sight of her bare feet was enough to arouse me. But the gentle prodding of her toes was quickly making me more excited.

"I wonder if I could make you come this way?" she mused, even though we both already knew the answer.

Feeling bold, I eagerly reached for my zipper as I said, "It would feel even better if I were naked."

But Amanda stopped me with a soft touch of her warm foot on the back of my hand.

"Hold on," she said with a wicked smile. "I didn't give you permission to stop rubbing me."

I was a little disappointed, but returned to my task with a suitably submissive smile. Knowing Amanda, she was already planning something extra hot for the two of us. She loved public scenes, and the possibilities of a foot-job away from home seemed as intoxicating to me as I'm sure it was to her.

Sure enough, the following day I received a text from my wife, asking me to join her after work at our favorite Italian restaurant. We normally save eating out for weekends, so I was pretty sure I was in for a treat.

Almost as soon as I was seated, Amanda sauntered in. She was in the same dress she had worn to work, but at some point she had changed shoes. Instead of the pumps she had on that morning, she was wearing a pair of simple yet elegant peep-toe mules. Her toenails glinted through her black hose with a fresh coat of her favorite cherry-red nail polish. I knew immediately she was up to something, especially when she asked the hostess to give us a small, intimate table in the back. When we were seated, she made no mention of her footwear, just picked up a menu and began perusing the wine selection.

A moment later I felt her toes land on my crotch. The table was covered with a white linen cloth that was more than sufficient to hide what was going on. I immediately understood why she'd chosen to wear her mules. They could be effortlessly slipped off for a little impromptu foot fun.

As soon as Amanda's toes began to work their magic, my cock went stiff. My balls tightened almost painfully. I slid down slightly in my chair, allowing my wife better access to my erection. When my wife cleared her throat, I almost didn't hear her.

"I said, why don't you get comfortable?" she repeated, casting me a smoldering look over the top of her menu.

I knew what that meant. I reached under the table and surreptitiously unzipped my fly. Even though the tablecloth kept my actions hidden, I still felt an exhibitionistic thrill. Soon I was



groaning blissfully as my wife's toes began stroking my naked cockhead.

At first, I hesitated to expose myself completely. But as I grew steadily more excited, I felt the entire length of my expanding dick escape my fly and seek out my wife's foot.

Amanda's hose felt silky-smooth but provided just enough friction against my tight, hot cockflesh to guarantee I'd be slowly driven crazy. My wife really knows how to give a footjob. At first she used only one ped, drawing her sole and the undersides of her toes repeatedly over my dick. A moment later, she had both feet in my lap, firmly imprisoning my cock between them.

By that point, our waitress appeared, introducing herself as Teresa. She was a cute, perky-looking girl in her 20s and immediately launched into a recitation of the day's specials. If she noticed I was slumped in my chair and looking a little preoccupied, she gave no sign.

Amanda was keeping a careful eye on me as I placed my order. Once or twice, I felt her toes administer sharp tweaks to my cockhead when she apparently thought I was being too flirtatious



with our server. She's always been a bit jealous of younger girls, and I knew I would somehow pay for my minor indiscretion.

After curtly ordering a glass of wine and a salad, my wife took her bag and padded silently off toward the restroom. It was impossible for me not to notice that she didn't bother putting her shoes back on. I watched her walk across the room, hypnotized by the regular flashing of her silken soles.

She returned soon enough, and this time, her feet were bare. She'd clearly taken off her stockings in the ladies' room and likely stashed them in her purse. Upon sitting down, she removed a small plastic bottle from her bag, which I recognized as one containing personal lubricant. From the way her hands moved under the table, I gathered she was massaging the slippery stuff onto her feet.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Time to turn up the heat," she said. I found the playful gleam in her eye so hypnotic that I actually jerked my chair even closer to the table, eager for what she was about to dish out. My dick was still hanging out of my unzipped fly. By that point, I had gone a bit soft, but my cock sprang back to life as soon as Amanda's lubricated toes made contact.

A footjob from a barefoot woman is very different from one wearing hose, and I have to say I prefer skin on skin. The friction of smooth silk or nylon is less immediately noticeable, but the warmth of naked, fragrant soles pressing and rubbing against me is absolutely delicious. And it feels even more so when I've been brought to the level of excitement I experienced that night.

Amanda's favorite move is to grip my shaft tightly between

her big and second toes of her foot. She'll have one set of toes pressing down at the root of my shaft, while the other snugly squeezes my cockhead as she slowly slides up and down my shaft. It's impossible for me to resist pumping my hips in time with her hypnotic motions.

Unfortunately, as I was reaching a crucial plateau Teresa returned with our drinks. She chattered away as she set the glasses down, not seeming to notice Amanda's gloating smile—or my own slightly pained expression. I was in no real danger of our server discovering my embarrassing position—unless I really lost control. I sat, gritting my teeth, as my wife engaged Teresa in a long, drawn-out conversation.

As if from far away, I heard Amanda ask, "You poor thing, standing all night in those heels. Don't your feet hurt?"

"Oh, sometimes it's awful!" she said. "I'd just kill for a massage!"

I thought I may have caught a faint whiff of her foot's aroma. Had she slipped her shoe off as girls sometimes do when their feet hurt? I didn't dare look; I was that close to shooting off.

"I was groaning blissfully as my wife's toes began stroking my naked cockhead."

Amanda's own feet were moving more stealthily by that point. She could sense my precarious position was exciting me, and my orgasm was imminent. She tickled my balls with one big toe while the digits of her other foot kept up a gentle rhythmic pinching just below my dickhead. I was being slowly, meticulously ushered toward an irresistible climax. I gave her a pleading smile, but I knew I'd get no mercy.

"Are you all right?" Teresa asked. The pained look on my face must have made it seem I was suffering some kind of attack.

"Oh, look!" Amanda said suddenly, motioning toward the window as a distraction. "What's that?"

The second our server's head was turned, Amanda administered the coup de grace, a firm squeeze from her slippery toes that sent me tumbling over the edge. I gasped loudly as my balls shamelessly unloaded themselves all over her wriggling feet.

"What was what?" Teresa asked, turning back to Amanda. "I didn't see anything."

"Oh, it was probably just someone on a bicycle," my wife said dismissively. "Could you get us some extra napkins, dear? I always like to have them in case you-know-who over here makes a mess."

As Teresa dutifully scampered off, I slumped back in my seat, eyeing Amanda with an exhausted smile.

"You're awful," I told her.

"That was nothing," she said wickedly. "Wait till I get you home."

—W.T., Cleveland, Ohio



A Dash of Discipline

“He continued, alternating cheeks as he peppered my bottom with smacks from the spoon.”

Years ago, before I was even part of the BDSM scene, I accepted a position working with a pastry team in a kitchen belonging to one of the city’s top chefs. The job was not only a godsend in a tight market; it was a dream come true for a recent culinary graduate.

We were always getting called to do special catering events, which meant most of my waking hours were literally filled with vanilla activities. I spent lots of time piping frosting and rolling fondant.

Steve was the sous chef—a two-year veteran in the kitchen, but far older than me in actual age. He was a former advertising executive, who decided to change careers in his early 40s and get serious about food.

I was 24 when we met. I was very Type A and impatient to make a splash in such a highly competitive environment. Unfortunately, my eagerness sometimes caused me to butt heads with my coworkers. On more than one occasion, Steve stepped up to calm me down and smooth ruffled feathers. I considered him a mentor, but I could tell there was definitely some chemistry between us, simmering away on the back burner.

Steve was about six-foot-two with a lean, muscular body. He had started doing MMA training years back to work out his frustrations, so he was no middle-aged doughboy. He had a few flecks of salt in his otherwise peppery hair and really intense gray eyes—I could always “feel” when Steve was watching me.

One evening, I was melting down some sugar to make Italian meringue buttercream for a wedding cake. I thought I’d be alone in the kitchen since the supervisor left and the other crewmembers were off-site setting up an event. But when I glanced up from my saucepan, I was surprised to see Steve standing in the



doorway, checking me out.

"How's it going?" he asked.

"OK, I thought you were off today," I responded.

Steve shrugged and told me my boss was worried I might be overwhelmed and asked him to come in and check on me "because she knows you won't bite my head off."

I laughed and said, "Little does she know."

Steve smirked, but for a half second I caught a glimpse of emotion in his eyes—something powerful.

"Yeah, yeah," he said, waving me off. "Do you have the butter ready?"

"I do."

Steve squinted at the large bowl of cubed butter near the mixer and the discarded wrappers on the counter.

"I don't know, Chrissy."

I rolled my eyes. "What now? How did I screw up butter?"

Steve broke a small piece off and tasted it. "By using the salted kind?"

"What?" The thought of making such a huge and embarrassing mistake short-circuited my brain. "No way!"

"Don't believe me? Go on—taste it for yourself."

I stepped away from the burner and tried some. Dammit! He was right, and I was furious.

"Relax," Steve said, holding out his hands. "No harm no foul. I was here to save you, as always."

"I don't want or need saving, OK?" I snapped back.

I felt rage throbbing in my temples as I switched off the stove's burner and stormed off into the walk-in fridge.

"Hey, you're just gonna leave this half-melted mess?" Steve called out.

"I'll start over if I have to!" I yelled, muttering curse words as I gathered up a block of unsalted butter. "Just go away, Steve!"

I stepped out of the cooler and was still in such a huff that I didn't realize Steve was blocking my path until I walked into him.

I started spouting off again, but he wouldn't move out of my way.

"I'm not going anywhere, Chrissy."

I rolled my eyes, and just as I was about to push past Steve, he grasped my arm and pulled me close.

"Put down the butter, Chrissy. I think

you need an attitude adjustment."

Steve's tone was calm, yet firm. The shift away from his usual playful demeanor left me feeling intrigued and anxious all at once.

I turned and put the butter on the countertop as I said, "Look, I'm sorry."

"Sorry isn't good enough this time," he said matter-of-factly.

Steve was holding a wooden spoon and tapping it gently in the center of his palm. The gesture—and the sound—triggered some kind of primal feelings inside me.

"I like you, Chrissy. I really like you. But you won't get very far with that chip on your shoulder. So, if you're going to act like a brat, then I'm going to punish you like one."

I was pouting and pissed off—and yet I felt my panties getting wetter.

**"I kept stroking
my clit as he
delivered more
blows until my
ass felt like it
was on fire."**

"You actually think you're going to spank me?" I tried to sound indignant, but the thought was turning me on big-time.

As cool and calm as ever, Steve answered: "Turn around, put both hands on the counter. You know you deserve this."

Now, let me be clear. I could have left at any moment and told him to go to hell. But I didn't want to, and somehow Steve knew that.

My eyes narrowed as I stared him down.

"This is exactly what you need, Chrissy. It's also what you want. I can tell." Then he asked, "Do you trust me?"

I nodded and took a deep breath. My knees turned to jelly as I followed his instructions, put my hands on the

counter and then leaned forward.

"Untie your apron and lower your pants."

Once again I obeyed, letting my apron drop to the floor. I felt so aroused sliding off my black and white checkered pants to reveal my red lace panties. I glanced over my shoulder to confirm what I already sensed: Steve's eyes were practically boring a new hole into my rear end as he looked me over.

When we made eye contact, he said, "Remember, Chrissy, this is for your own good."

And then with one swift stroke, the wooden spoon made contact with my left butt cheek.

I gasped and shouted, "Ow!"

That blow was followed by another on the right, and he continued like that, alternating cheeks as he peppered my bottom with smacks from the spoon. Each sharp nip of pain drew me in deeper and made me want more. I wiggled my ass back and forth—away from the spoon, but then consciously seeking contact again.

Steve paused, and I turned around, my face flushed. As our eyes met, he spoke again: "Take off your panties, Chrissy."

Without any protest I obeyed, surrendering to a bare-assed spanking.

"Now, while I punish you this time, I want you to touch yourself."

"OK," I answered, feeling a mixture of embarrassment and arousal. "Like this?" I asked as I stroked my clit and looked back at Steve for approval.

"Perfect," he answered as he delivered a particularly harsh blow that made my body jolt.

I yelped, caught somewhere deep in the hinterland between pain and pleasure.

"You want more?"

"Yes, please."

Up until that point, I had never had a partner take total control of me. But with Steve, I finally felt like I had permission to let go. He was right: I didn't even realize how badly I needed his tough love.

I kept stroking my clit as he delivered more blows until my ass felt like it was on fire. When he finally stopped spanking me, I was on the verge of coming and he stopped me from playing with myself. I nearly wept.



"That's enough. Now turn around and take off the rest of your clothes," Steve commanded.

I did as ordered, shivering a little in the cool kitchen. My nipples were erect, and my pussy was soaking wet.

Steve looked me up and down and unzipped his pants, pulling out his meaty dick.

I hit my knees and immediately began gobbling his member. Steve held my hair back and guided me up and down his shaft. He face-fucked me until I thought he was going to come. But he restrained himself, pulling back, yanking me up and tossing me over the counter again.

I squealed a little as my nipples made contact with the cold steel countertop. For a moment, I wondered if he was going to spank me again. But he'd clearly moved on to the next course because I soon felt the heat of Steve's body across my back. I turned my head, and we kissed as he drove his cock inside me to the hilt.

He hammered into me, his massive prick feeling like it might split me in two. He slammed his body into mine, his pelvis slapping against my poor abused cheeks and reigniting the fire of my spanking. I came so hard I actually squirted, soaking my thighs with my release.

Seconds later, Steve groaned and climaxed, icing my ass with pearly strands of come.

Afterward, we panted and held each other for a moment before Steve tossed me a dish towel.

"Clean up, and let's get back to work. That cake isn't going to make itself."

"Yes, Sir," I replied.

Steve and I had a lot of fun together while our relationship lasted, and our work always ran smoothly. Thanks, of course, to a heaping cup of love tempered with a dash of discipline!

-C.S., via email





Lusty Lessons

Brandon's a bad boy. I watch him do things: Under-tip the waiter. Leave his dirty dishes on the table. Toss his socks on the floor. And when I catch him being bad, if I'm in the mood, I get what I want. And what I want is for him to pay.

Just the other day, I picked up some worn socks right in front of him and saw his face change. He went from confident to sheepish in a split second.

"What's this?" I asked softly. Too softly.

He snatched them from me and looked away as he said, "Sorry. I forgot them."

"Do I really need more pointless excuses for your bad behavior?"

His face reddened, but when I glanced down at his jeans, I saw his cock was already swelling. A hard mound fighting against his zipper.

"Go put these where they belong," I snapped. "And then come back to me."

It had been a long week. Punishing Brandon and then an orgasm or three sounded like a perfect stress reliever for me.

He trotted upstairs, and I heard him overhead, scurrying to the clothes hamper like a frantic animal. I imagined his heart thumping. I imagined him feeling both eager and scared. Because he knew he had to hurt before he got to feel good. Those were the rules.

I reached beneath my outfit and tugged my panties down. I had on a long skirt, high socks and tall boots. Now that the underwear had been removed, I was ready to deal with him.

He came down the steps slowly. He kept licking his lips and his dark eyes flashed with anxiety. His erection was still evident beneath his faded jeans.

I sat down on the sofa and patted my lap.

"Best to just get this over with," I said.

He dipped his head in a nod.

I cupped a hand to my ear and leaned forward as I said, "I'm sorry, I didn't hear you, bad boy."

He flushed with color and barked, "Yes, Ma'am."

"That's what I thought you said."

He approached me and carefully draped his lanky body over my legs. I rubbed his tight ass with my hand, moving my palm in soothing circles. I felt his muscles twitch and clench beneath the denim. I squeezed, kneaded and stroked, lulling him. At the exact second I felt his body relax, I delivered a blow so hard my hand stung from the force of it.

His hips jerked, and I felt the brush of his rigid dick against my leg. I struggled to quash my smile.

"Get those pants off," I told him.

He nearly fell off my lap in his haste to obey. He got on his knees, undid his jeans and then stumbled-stepped to his feet to yank them off. I thought he might fall, but he quickly righted himself. Then he stripped off his boxers and his cock sprang free, looking harder than ever.

I grabbed his erection like it was a handle and tugged it, causing him to step toward me.

"Back over my lap," I ordered, giving his cock a hard squeeze.

He arranged himself with a clumsy fumbling I found endearing. Between my thighs, my pussy was flowing like a river.

When Brandon was in place, I gave him three hard blows that made my hand ache and tingle. I pressed my fingertip to his asshole and watched him buck. His reaction made me laugh.

"You like that so much. You hate that you like it. You love that you like it. Either way," I said, stroking his little hole. "You like it."

He whimpered softly. He was feverishly humping my lap, and I shook my head.

"You're such a slut," I said. Then I laid down four hard strikes, alternating left, right, left, right. The final blow made him cry out and beg for mercy. His pleas made my pussy



positivity pound with arousal.

I nudged my fingertip into his ass and sank it in to the top knuckle. But he groaned when I did it.

"You like that?" I asked, but only got a grunt in reply.

Again, I smacked his bottom, which by then was covered in red handprints.

"Answer me with words!" I told him, pushing my finger further into his back hole as he trembled on my lap. He moaned and moved like a man caught between pain and pleasure.

"Yes, I do," he told me.

"Good boy," I said, running my free hand in soothing circles over his hot ass cheeks.

I pushed him none too gently off my lap. He landed on the rug on his hands and knees. I hiked up my skirt, spread my legs and said, "You know what to do."

He fell on me ravenously, eager to please me and make me come. He pushed my thighs wide and lapped at my clit. He nibbled my outer lips and flicked and swirled his tongue. I threaded my fingers through his dark hair and tugged until I heard him groan. I pushed my pussy against his mouth and held him there. He sucked hard on my clit and licked me eagerly.

"Fingers," I demanded.

He sank back on his haunches for a moment and then pushed his fingers inside my cunt. First, a single digit that he curled, causing pleasure to flood my pelvis. Then

when I moaned, he pushed a second one inside me. He watched, mesmerized, thrusting it in and out. Then he returned his mouth to my crotch, the strokes of his tongue coming faster and more urgently as I bucked by body against his face.

**"I laid down
four hard strikes,
alternating
left, right, left,
right. The final
blow made him
cry out."**

Brandon drove his fingers inside me and furiously painted whirls and streaks across my clitoris with his tongue.

I came, pulling his hair hard enough to make him bark with pain.

I put my hand on his forehead and pushed him until he fell flat back onto the floor. His cock stood up straight like a fencepost. I kept my clothes on, but hiked

up my skirt like a prim maiden. I straddled him and pressed my hot, wet cunt against this belly.

He gasped, wriggled and groaned.

I slid my body down so my pussy rode along the length of his dick. It twitched against me. I rocked from side to side, getting some friction going. We were both locked in the bittersweet grip of pleasure.

Finally, I tired of my own game. I hovered there a moment, his cock right below my pussy. Then I positioned him at my entrance and sank down on him. The expression on his handsome face went from wonder, to pleasure, to bliss.

I squeezed my pussy muscles around his cock, barely moving my body, just clenching and releasing his shaft.

"Jesus," he sighed as his lids drifted shut.

I pinched his nipple hard, and his eyes flew open.

"You look at me when I fuck you," I said.

He nodded in agreement and hesitantly raised his hands to grip my hips, but I allowed him that indulgence. My skirt flowed around us, a soft fabric waterfall that moved with me as I began to rock.

He thrust up from beneath me, squeezing my hips hard enough to take my breath away.

I slammed down on him so my clit kissed his groin every time. The pressure and the connection, the thump and bang of my pulse in my pussy, it all swirled

together to overwhelm me.

Through my sweater, I pinched my nipples hard, squeezing the tender flesh so tightly it ached. Then I let them go. The rush of sensation flowing back into my flesh mingled with the deep, warm pleasure of his cock inside me.

In an instant, I climaxed.

Brandon looked precariously close to coming himself, but I warned him to hold out a little longer with one harsh look that he instantly understood.

He was eager to please, and I fucked him vigorously for a few more minutes. I rode him fast and hard, which always does him in. I wanted him right there, on that razor's edge of losing control.

He writhed beneath me, sucking air in fast like he was dying.

I pulled off of him, wrangled my swirling skirt and moved between his spread thighs.

I took his cock in my hand and then in my mouth. I sucked him, running my lips up and down his length as I used my hand to stroke his shaft.

He pumped his hips up and down like a madman. I let him do his thing for a bit before smacking the top of his thigh as hard as I could to still him.

He froze.

"Behave, or I will stop this and you won't come. Is that clear?" I warned ominously.

He chewed his lower lip but nodded.

"Say it!"

"Yes," he replied.

I sucked his dick once more, bobbing my head and swallowing him as deeply as I could.

He groaned, a drawn-out sound that spoke volumes. It told me he was desperate to move, but he wouldn't. Because I'd forbidden it.

Brandon's fingers curled against the thick carpeting as he struggled to obey. I loved watching him strain to please me. It gave me a perverse thrill.

I continued the blowjob with extra fervor. Knowing I was tormenting him added to my personal pleasure. Before long, he was shaking like a man with a high fever. His feelings were intense, and he wanted to move, to take what his body needed. But he knew darn well I'd follow through on my threat.

I sucked him hard and then licked him softly. I used my finger to nudge his defenseless asshole. When he was whimpering helplessly, I finally took pity on him.

"You can move, and you may come. You've made it up to me," I said.

That's when my good boy's hips bucked up, his fingers ground against the carpet and his thighs trembled and shook. He

groaned loudly, and his cream flooded my mouth.

After I swallowed down his load, I sat back and studied him. He wouldn't forget his socks now, I thought. I wasn't sure if he'd remember to put them away or remember to leave them out. But either way, I was sure he'd remember.

-D.T., Tucson, Ariz.

Have you had a torrid tryst? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out all the sexy details? We want to hear about it! Mail your kinky story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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